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ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

53 ✓

ANECDOTES

OF

DOGS;

BY

EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY, ETC.

HISTORIES ARE MORE FULL OF EXAMPLES OF THE
FIDELITY OF DOGS THAN OF FRIENDS. POPE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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P R E F A C E.

THE character, sensibilities, and intellectual faculties of animals have always been a favourite study, and they are, perhaps, more strongly developed in the dog than in any other quadruped, from the circumstance of his being the constant companion of man. I am aware how much has been written on this subject, but having accumulated many interesting anecdotes of this faithful animal, I have in this work merely attempted to enlarge the stock of information respecting it. It is a pleasing task, arising from the conviction that the more the character of the dog is known, the better his treatment is likely to be, and the stronger the sympathy excited in his behalf.

Let me hope, that the examples, which are given in the following pages will help to produce this effect, and that a friend so faithful—a protector so disinterested and courageous, will meet with that kindness and affection he so well deserves.

It is now my grateful duty to express my thanks to those friends, who have so kindly contributed several original anecdotes to this work, and I have especially to offer them to Lady Morgan for her remarks on the Irish wolf-dog. To Mrs. S. C. Hall I am also much indebted for an account of the same animal. Whatever comes from her pen, is charmingly written and with good feeling.

I have extracted a few anecdotes illustrative of the character of peculiar dogs from Colonel Hamilton Smith's account of them, also from Captain Brown's sketches of these animals, and I trust the Editor of the Irish Penny Magazine will excuse my having made use of his very interesting and well-written account of the Irish wolf-dog.

EDWARD JESSE.

*Upton Park, Slough,
April, 1846.*

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ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

“Much has been written on the instincts or mental gifts of animals, but much is still required to throw light upon this curious subject. Authentic anecdotes of the habits and actions of brutes are always interesting. The more of these that can be collected, the more are we likely to know, of what may be called, the *psychology* or history of the mind of the inferior animals.”—CHAMBERS’ EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

A FRENCH writer has boldly affirmed that with the exception of women, there is nothing on earth so agreeable, or so necessary to the comfort of man, as the dog. This assertion may readily be disputed, but still it will be allowed that man, deprived of the companionship and services of the dog, would be a solitary and, in many respects, a helpless being. Let us look at the shepherd, as the evening closes in and his flock is dispersed over the almost inaccessible heights of mountains; they are speedily collected by his indefatigable dog—nor do his services end here, he guards either the flock, or his master’s cottage by night, and a slight caress, and the coarsest food, satisfy him for

all his trouble. The dog performs the services of a horse in the more northern regions, while in Cuba and some other hot countries, he has been the scourge and terror of the runaway negroes. In the destruction of wild beasts, or the less dangerous stag, or in attacking the bull, the dog has proved himself to possess preeminent courage. In many instances he has died in the defence of his master. He has saved him from drowning, warned him of approaching danger, served him faithfully in poverty and distress, and if deprived of sight, has gently led him about. When spoken to, he tries to hold conversation with him by the movement of his tail, or the expression of his eyes. If his master wants amusement in the field or wood, he is delighted to have an opportunity of procuring it for him; if he finds himself in solitude, his dog will be a cheerful and agreeable companion, and may be, when death comes, the last to forsake the grave of his beloved master.

There are a thousand little facts connected with dogs, which many, who do not love them as much as I do, may not have observed, but which all tend to develop their character. For instance, every one knows the

fondness of dogs for warmth, and that they never appear more contented than when reposing on the rug before a good fire. If, however, I quit the room, my dog leaves his warm birth, and places himself at the door, where he can the better hear my footsteps, and be ready to greet me when I re-enter. If I am preparing to take a walk, my dog is instantly aware of my intention. He frisks and jumps about, and is all eagerness to accompany me. If I am thoughtful or melancholy, he appears to sympathize with me; and, on the contrary, when I am disposed to be merry, he shews by his manner that he rejoices with me. I have often watched the effect which a change in my countenance would produce. If I frown or look severe, but without saying a word or uttering a sound, the effect is instantly seen by the ears dropping, and the eyes shewing unhappiness, together with a doubtful movement of the tail. If I afterwards smile and look pleased, the tail wags joyously, the eyes are filled with delight, and the ears even are expressive of happiness. Before a dog, however, arrives at this knowledge of the human countenance, he must be the companion of your walks, repose at your feet, and receive his food

from your hands ; treated in this manner, the attachment of the dog is unbounded ; he becomes fond, intelligent and grateful. Whenever Stanislas, the unfortunate King of Poland, wrote to his daughter, he always concluded his letter with these words, "Tristan, my companion in misfortune, licks your feet," thus shewing that he had still one friend who stuck to him in his adversity. Such is the animal whose propensities, instincts and habits I propose to illustrate by various anecdotes.

The propensities of the dog, and some of them are most extraordinary, appear to be independent of that instinct, which Paley calls, "a propensity previous to experience, and independent of instruction." Some of these are hereditary, or derived from the habits of the parents, and are suited to the purposes to which each breed has long been and is still applied. In fact their organs have a fitness or unfitness for certain functions without education ; — for instance, a very young puppy of the St. Bernard breed of dogs, when taken on snow for the first time, will begin to scratch it with considerable eagerness. I have seen a young pointer of three or four weeks old stand steadily on first see-

ing poultry, and a well bred terrier puppy will shew a great deal of ferocity at the sight of a rat or mouse.

Sir John Sebright, perhaps the best authority that can be quoted on this subject, says that he had a puppy of the wild breed of Australia; that the mother was with young when caught, and the puppy was born in the ship that brought her over. This animal was so like a wolf, not only in its appearance, but in all its habits, that Sir John at first doubted if it really were a dog, but this was afterwards proved by experiment.

Of all the propensities of the brute creation, the well known attachment of the dog to man is the most remarkable, arising probably from his having been for so many years his constant companion, and the object of his care. That this propensity is not instinctive is proved, by its not having existed, even in the slightest degree, in the Australian dog.

Sir John Sebright kept this animal for about a year almost always in his room. He fed him himself, and took every means that he could think of to reclaim him, but with no effect. He was insensible to caresses, and never appeared to distin-

guish Sir John from any other person. The dog would never follow him even from one room to another, nor would he come when called, unless tempted by the offer of food. Wolves and foxes have shewn much more sociability than he did. He appeared to be in good spirits, but always kept aloof from the other dogs. He was what would be called tame for an animal in a menagerie, that is, he was not shy, but would allow strangers to handle him, and never attempted to bite. If he were led near sheep or poultry, he became quite furious from his desire to attack them.

Here, then, we see that the propensities that are the most marked, and the most constant in every breed of domestic dogs, are not to be found in animals of the same species in their natural state, or even in their young, although subjected to the same treatment from the moment of their birth.

Notwithstanding the above mentioned fact, we may, I think, consider the domestic dog as an animal *per se*, that is, that it neither owes its origin to the fox nor wolf, but is sprung from the wild dog. In giving this opinion, I am aware that some naturalists have

endeavoured to trace the origin of the dog from the fox; while others, and some of the most eminent ones, are of opinion that it sprung from the wolf. I shall be able to shew that the former is out of the question. The wolf, perhaps, has some claim to be considered as the parent animal, and that he is susceptible of as strong attachment as the dog is proved by the following anecdote related by Cuvier.

He informs us, that a young wolf was brought up as a dog, became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing, and in particular, followed his master everywhere, evincing evident chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice, and shewing a degree of submission scarcely differing in any respect from that of the domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the Menagerie du Roi, where the animal, confined in a den, continued disconsolate and would scarcely eat his food. At length, however, his health returned, he became attached to his keepers and appeared to have forgotten all his former affection, when after an absence of eighteen months his master returned. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, who

had not perceived him amongst the crowd, recognized him and exhibited the most lively joy. On being set at liberty, the most affectionate caresses were lavished on his old master, such as the most attached dog would have shewn after an absence of a few days.

A second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow, which however again yielded to time. Three years passed, and the wolf was living happily in company with a dog, which had been placed with him, when his master again returned, and again the long lost but still remembered voice was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, which were redoubled as soon as the poor animal was set at liberty, when rushing to his master, he threw his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with the most lively joy, and menacing his keepers, who offered to remove him, and towards whom, not a moment before, he had been shewing every mark of fondness.

A third separation, however, seemed to be too much for this faithful animal's temper. He became gloomy, desponding, refused his food and for a long time his

life appeared in great danger. His health at last returned, but he no longer suffered the caresses of any but his keepers, and towards strangers manifested the original savageness of his species.

Mr. Bell in his history of quadrupeds, mentions a curious fact, which, I think, still more strongly proves the alliance of the dog with the wolf, and is indeed exactly similar to what is frequently done by dogs when in a state of domestication. He informs us, that he “remembers a bitch wolf at the Zoological Gardens, which would always come to the front bars of her den to be caressed, as soon as he, or any other person whom she knew, approached. When she had pups, she used to bring them in her mouth to be noticed, and so eager in fact was she that her little ones should share with her in the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession by rubbing them against the bars of her den, as she brought them forwards to be fondled.”

Other instances might be mentioned of the strong attachment felt by wolves to those who have treated them kindly, but I will now introduce some remarks on the anatomical affinities between the dog, the

fox and the wolf, which serve to prove that the dog is of a breed distinct from either of the last mentioned animals.

It must in fact be always an interesting matter of enquiry respecting the descent of an animal so faithful to man, and so exclusively his associate and his friend, as the dog. Accordingly this question has been entertained ever since Natural History took the rank of a science. But the origin of the dog is lost in antiquity. We find him occupying a place in the earliest pagan worship; his name has been given to one of the first mentioned stars of the heavens, and his effigy may be seen in some of the most ancient works of art. Pliny was of opinion that there was no domestic animal without its unsubdued counterpart, and dogs are known to exist absolutely wild in various parts of the old and new world. The Dingo of New Holland, a magnificent animal of this kind, has been shewn to be susceptible of mutual attachment in a singular degree, though none of the experiments yet made have proved that he is capable, like the domestic dog, of a similar attachment to man. The parentage of the wild dogs has been assigned to

the tame species, strayed from the dominion of their masters. This, however, still remains a question, and there is reason to believe that the wild dog is just as much a native of the wilderness, as the lion or tiger. If there be these doubts about an animal left for centuries in a state of nature, how can we expect to unravel the difficulties accumulated by ages of domestication? Who knows for a certainty the true prototype of the goat, the sheep, or the ox? To the unscientific reader such questions might appear idle, as having been settled from time immemorial; yet they have never been finally disposed of. The difficulty, as with the dog, may be connected with modifications of form and colour, resulting from the long continued interference of man with the breed and habits of animals subjected to his sway.

Buffon was very eloquent in behalf of the claim of the sheep-dog to be considered as the true ancestor of all the other varieties. Mr. Hunter would award this distinction to the wolf; supposing also that the jackal is the same animal a step further advanced towards civilization, or perhaps the dog returned to its wild state. As the affinity between wolf,

jackal, fox and dog, cannot fail to attract the notice of the most superficial observer; so he may ask if they do not all really belong to one species, modified by varieties of climate, food and education? If answered in the negative, he would want to know what constitutes a species; little thinking that this question, apparently so simple, involves one of the nicest problems in Natural History. Difference of form will scarcely avail us here, for the pug, greyhound and spaniel are wider apart in this respect, than many dogs and the wild animals just named. It has often been said that these varieties in the dog have arisen from artificial habits and breeding through a long succession of years. This seems very like mere conjecture. Can the greyhound be trained to the pointer's scent or the spaniel to the bull-dog's ferocity? But admitting the causes assigned to be adequate to the effects, then the forms would be temporary, and those of a permanent kind only would serve our purpose. Of this nature is the shape of the pupil of the eye, which may be noticed somewhat particularly, not merely to make it plain to those who have never thought on the subject, but with the hope

of leading them to reflections on this wondrous inlet to half our knowledge, the more especially as the part in question may be examined by any one in his own person by the help of a looking glass. In the front of the eye then, just behind the transparent surface, there is a sort of curtain called the *iris*, about the middle of which is a round hole. This is the pupil, and you will observe that it contracts in a strong light, and dilates in a weaker one, the object of which is to regulate the quantity of light admitted into the eye. Now the figure of the pupil is not the same in all animals. In the horse it is oval; in the wolf, jackal and dog it is round, like our own, however contracted; but in the fox, as in the cat, the pupil contracts vertically into an elongated figure, like the section of a lens, and even to a sort of slit, if the light be very strong.

This is a permanent character, not affected, as far as is at present known, by any artificial or natural circumstances to which the dog has been subjected. Naturalists, therefore, have seized upon this character as the ground for a division of animals of the dog kind, the great genus *Canis* of Linneus, into two groups,

the diurnal and nocturnal ; not to imply that these habits necessarily belong to all the individuals composing either of these divisions, for that would be untrue, but simply that the figure of the pupils corresponds with that frequently distinguishing day-roaming animals from those that prowl only by night. It is remarkable that a more certain and serviceable specific distinction is thus afforded by a little anatomical point, than by any of the more obvious circumstances of form, size, or colour. Whether future researches into the minute structure of animals may not discover other means to assist the naturalist in distinguishing nearly allied species, is a most important subject for enquiry, which cannot be entertained here. But, to encourage those who may be disposed to undertake it, I must mention the curious fact, that the group to which the camel belongs is not more certainly indicated by his grotesque and singular figure, than by the form of the red particles which circulate in his blood. And here again the inherent interest of the matter will lead me to enter a little into particulars, which may engage any one, who has a good microscope, in a most instructive course of observations ; not the least recommendation of which is, that a just

and pleasing source of recreation may be thus pursued by evening parties in the drawing room, since the slightest prick of the finger will furnish blood enough for a microscopic entertainment, and you may readily procure a little more for comparison from any animal.

Now the redness of the blood is owing to myriads of minute objects in which the colour of the vital fluid resides. They were formerly called globules, but as they are now known to be flattened and disc-like, they are more properly termed particles or corpuscles. Their form is wonderfully regular, and so is their size within certain limits ; in birds, reptiles or fishes, the corpuseles are oval. They are circular in man, and all other mammalia, except in the camel tribe, in which the corpuscles are oval, though much smaller than in the lower animals. Thus, in the minutest drop of blood, any one of the camel family can be surely distinguished from all other animals, even from its allies among the ruminants, and what is more to our purpose, in pursuing this enquiry, Mr. Gulliver has found that the blood corpuscles of the dog and wolf agree exactly, while those of all the true foxes are slightly though distinctly smaller.

These curious facts are all fully detailed in Mr. Gulliver's Appendix to the English version of Gerber's Anatomy, but I think that they are now for the first time enlisted into the service of Natural History.

Thus we dismiss the fox as an alien to the dog, or at all events as a distinct species. Then comes the claim of the wolf as the true original of the dog. Before considering this, let us revert to the question of what constitutes a species. Mr. Hunter was of opinion that it is the power of breeding together and of continuing the breed with each other ; that this is partially the case between the dog and the wolf is certain, for Lord Clanbrassil and Lord Pembroke proved the fact beyond a doubt, above half a century ago, and the following epitaph in the garden at Wilton house is a curious record of the particulars ; —

Here lies Lupa,

Whose grandmother was a wolf,

Whose father and grandfather were dogs, and whose

Mother was half wolf and half dog.

She died on the 16th of October, 1782,

Aged 12 years.

Conclusive as this fact may appear, as proving the

descent of the dog from the wolf, it is not convincing, the dog having characters which do not belong to the wolf.

The dog for instance, guards property with strictest vigilance, which has been entrusted to his charge; all his energies seem roused at night, as though aware that that is the time when depredations are committed. His courage is unbounded, a property not possessed by the wolf: he appears never to forget a kindness, but soon loses the recollection of an injury, if received from the hand of one he loves, but resents it if offered by a stranger. His docility and mental pliability exceed those of any other animal; his habits are social, and his fidelity not to be shaken; hunger cannot weaken, nor old age impair it. His discrimination is equal, in many respects, to human intelligence. If he commits a fault, he is sensible of it, and shows pleasure when commended. These, and many other qualities, which might have been enumerated, are distinct from those possessed by the wolf. It may be said that domestication might produce them in the latter. This may be doubted, and is not likely to be proved: the fact is, the dog would appear to

be a precious gift to man from a benevolent Creator, to become his friend, companion, protector and the indefatigable agent of his wishes. While all other animals had the fear and dread of man implanted in them, the poor dog alone looked at his master with affection, and the tie once formed was never broken to the present hour.

It should also be mentioned, in continuation of my argument, that the experiment of the wolf breeding with the dog is of no value, because it has never been carried sufficiently far to prove that the progeny would continue fertile *inter se*. The wolf has oblique eyes -- the eyes of dogs have never retrograded to that position. If the dog descended from the wolf, a constant tendency would have been observed in the former to revert to the original type or species. This is a law in all other cross breeds; but amongst all the varieties of dogs, this tendency has not existed. I may also add, that as far as I have been able to ascertain the fact, the number of teats of the female wolf have never been known to vary. With respect to the dog, it is known that they do vary, some having more and others a less number.

Having thus brought forward such arguments as have occurred to me to prove that the dog is a breed *sui generis*, I will give a few anecdotes to shew how different this animal is in his specific character to the wolf, and that he has a natural tendency to acknowledge man as his friend and protector, an instinct never shewn by the wolf.

In Ceylon there are a great number of what are called wild dogs, that is, dogs who have no master, and who haunt villages and jungles, picking up what food they are able to find. If you meet one of these neglected animals, and only look at him with an expression of kindness, from that moment he attaches himself to you, owns you for his master, and will remain faithful to you for the remainder of his life.

Such is the animal which the brutality of man subjects to so much ill-treatment; its character depends very much on that of his master, kindness and confidence produce the same qualities in the dog, while ill-usage makes him sullen and distrustful of beings far more brutal than himself.

I have had many opportunities of observing how readily dogs comprehend language, and how they are

aware when they are the subject of conversation. A gentleman once said in the hearing of an old and favourite dog, who was at the time basking in the sun, — “I must have Ponto killed, for he gets old and is offensive.” The dog slunk away, and never came near his master afterwards. Many similar anecdotes might be brought forward, but I will mention one which Captain Brown tells us he received himself from Sir Walter Scott.

“The wisest dog I ever had,” said Sir Walter, “was what is called the bull dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, ‘the baker was well paid,’ or, ‘the baker was not hurt after all,’ Camp came forth from his hiding place,

capered, and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him 'his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor,' and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language." An anecdote from Sir Walter Scott must be always pleasing.

Mr. Smellie, in his *Philosophy of Natural History*, mentions a curious instance of the intellectual faculty of a dog. He states that "a grocer in Edinburgh had one, which for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell, he ran impetuously toward him, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-

door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks, and on receiving a penny he instantly carried it in his mouth to the pieman, and received his pie. This traffic between the pieman and the grocer's dog continued to be daily practised for several months."

In giving miscellaneous anecdotes in order to shew the general character of the dog, I may mention the following very curious one.

During a very severe frost and fall of snow in Scotland, the fowls did not make their appearance at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and no one knew what had become of them; the house dog at last entered the kitchen having in his mouth a hen, apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the sagacious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately set off. He soon came again with another, which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the poor birds were rescued. Wandering about the stack-yard, the fowls had become quite benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog observing them,

effected their deliverance, for they all revived by the warmth of the fire.

Dogs have sometimes strange fancies with respect to moving from one place to another. A fellow of a College at Cambridge had a dog, which sometimes took it into his head to visit his master's usual places of resort in London. He would then return to his home in Suffolk, and then go to Cambridge, remaining at each place as long as he felt disposed to do so, and going and returning with the most perfect indifference and complacency.

The extraordinary sense of a dog was shewn in the following instance. A gentleman, residing near Pontipool, had his horse brought to his house by a servant. While the man went to the door, the horse ran away and made his escape to a neighbouring mountain. A dog belonging to the house saw this, and of his own accord followed the horse, got hold of the bridle and brought him back to the door.

I have been informed of two instances of dogs having slipped their collars and put their heads into them again of their own accord, after having committed depredations in the night, and I have elsewhere

mentioned the fact of a dog, now in my possession, who undid the collar of another dog chained to a kennel near him. These are curious instances of sense and sagacity.

Mr. Bell, in his history of British Quadrupeds, gives us the following fact of a dog belonging to a friend of his. This gentleman dropped a louis d'or one morning, when he was on the point of leaving his house. On returning late at night, he was told by his servant, that the dog had fallen sick, and refused to eat, and what appeared very strange, she would not suffer him to take her food away from before her, but had been lying with her nose close to the vessel, without attempting to touch it. On Mr. Bell's friend entering the room, the dog instantly jumped upon him, laid the money at his feet, and began to devour her victuals with great voracity.

It is a curious fact that dogs can count time. I had, when a boy a favourite terrier, which] always went with me to church. My mother thinking that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to fasten him up every Sunday morning. He did so once or twice, but never afterwards. Trim

concealed himself every Sunday morning, and either met me as I entered the church, or I found him under my seat in the pew. Mr. Southey in his "Om-niana" informs us that he knew of a dog, which was brought up by a catholic and afterwards sold to a protestant, but still he refused to eat anything on a Friday.

Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the Colonies. Throughout his absence, the animal appeared very much dejected. When the Officer returned home, the dog who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leapt upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favourite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress after a long absence.

Some Dogs are so faithful that they will never quit a thing entrusted to their charge, and will defend it to the utmost of their power. This may be often ob-

served in the case of a cur, lying on the coat of a labourer, while he is at work in the fields, and in those of carriers' and bakers' dogs. An instance is on record of a chimney-sweeper having placed his soot-bag in the street under the care of his dog, who suffered a cart to drive over and crush him to death, sooner than abandon his charge. Colonel Hamilton Smith, mentions a curious instance of fidelity and sagacity in a dog. He informs us that "in the neighbourhood of Cupar, in the County of Fife, there lived two dogs, mortal enemies to each other, and who always fought desperately whenever they met. Capt. R. was the master of one of them, and the other belonged to a neighbouring farmer. Capt. R.'s dog was in the practice of going messages, and even of bringing butchers meat and other articles from Cupar. One day while returning charged with a basket containing some pieces of mutton, he was attacked by some of the curs of the town, who no doubt, thought the prize worth contending for. The assault was fierce and of some duration, but the messenger, after doing his utmost, was at last overpowered and compelled to yield up the basket, though not before he had se-

cured a part of its contents. The piece saved from the wreck he ran off with, at full speed, to the quarters of his old enemy, at whose feet he laid it down, stretching himself beside it till he had eaten it up. A few snuffs, a few whispers in the ear, and other dog-like courtesies, were then exchanged, after which they both set off together for Cupar, where they worried almost every dog in the town, and, what is more remarkable, they never afterwards quarrelled, but were always on friendly terms."

I am indebted to a well known sportsman for the following interesting account of some of his dogs. It affords another proof how much kindness will do in bringing out the instinctive faculties of these animals, and that when properly educated, their sense, courage and attachment are most extraordinary.

"Smoaker was a deer greyhound of the largest size, but of his pedigree I know nothing. In speed he was equal to any hare greyhound, at the same time in spirit, he was indomitable. He was the only dog I ever knew who was a match for a red stag, single handed. From living constantly in the drawing-room and never being separated from me, he became ac-

quainted with almost the meaning of every word, certainly of every sign. His retrieving of game was equal to any of the retrieving I ever saw in any other dogs. He would leap over any of the most dangerous spikes at a sign, walk up and come down any ladder, and catch without hurting it any particular fowl, out of a number that was pointed out to him. If he missed me from the drawing-room, and had doubts about my being in the house, he would go into the hall and look for my hat; if he found it he would return contented, but if he did not find it he would proceed up stairs to a window at the very top of the house, and look from the window each way, to ascertain if I were in sight. One day in shooting at Cranford, with his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, a pheasant fell on the other side of the stream. The river was frozen over, but in crossing to fetch the pheasant the ice broke and let Smoaker in, to some inconvenience. He picked up the pheasant and instead of trying the ice again, he took it many hundred yards round to the bridge. Smoaker died at the great age of eighteen years. His son, Shark, was also a beautiful dog. He was by Smoaker out of a

common greyhound bitch, called Vagrant, who had won a cup at Swaffham. Shark was not so powerful as Smoaker, but he was nevertheless a large sized dog, and was a first rate deer greyhound and retriever. He took his father's place on the rug and was inseparable from me. He was educated and entered at deer under Smoaker : when Shark was first admitted to the house, it chanced that one day, he and Smoaker were left alone in a room with a table on which luncheon was laid ; Smoaker might have been left for hours with meat on the table, and he would have died rather than have touched it, but at that time Shark was not proof against temptation. I left the room to hand some lady to her carriage, and as I returned by the window, I looked in, Shark was on his legs, smelling curiously round the table, whilst Smoaker had risen to a sitting posture, his ears pricked, his brow frowning and his eyes intensely fixed on his son's actions. After tasting several viands, Shark's long nose came in contact with about half a cold tongue, the morsel was too tempting to be withstood ; for all the look of curious anger with which his father was intensely watching, the son

stole the tongue and conveyed it to the floor. No sooner had he done so, than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled him over, beat him and took away the tongue. Instead though of replacing it on the table, the Father contented himself with the punishment he had administered, and retired with great gravity to the fire.

“I was once waiting by moonlight for wild ducks on the Ouze in Bedfordshire, and I killed a couple on the water at a shot; the current was strong, but Shark having fetched one of the birds, was well aware there was another; instead therefore of returning by water to look for the second, he ran along the banks as if aware that the strong stream would have carried the bird further down; looking in the water till he saw it at least a hundred yards from the spot where he had left it, in bringing the first; when he also brought that to me. Nothing could induce either of these dogs to fetch a glove or a stick; I have often seen game fall close to me, and they would not attempt to touch it. It seemed as if they simply desired to be of service when service was to be done, and that when there were no obstacles to be conquered, they had no

wish to interfere. Shark died at a good old age, and was succeeded by his son Wolfe. Wolfe's mother was a Newfoundland bitch. He was also a large and powerful dog, but of course not so speedy as his ancestors. While residing at my country house, being my constant companion, Wolfe accompanied me two or three times a day in the breeding season to feed the young pheasants and partridges reared under hens. On going near the coops, I put down my gun, made Wolfe a sign to sit down by it, and fed the birds, with some caution, that they might not be in any way scared. I mention this because I am sure that dogs learn more from the manner and method of those they love, than they do from direct teaching. In front of the windows on the lawn there was a large bed of shrubs and flowers, into which the rabbits used to cross and where I had often sent Wolfe in to drive them, for me to shoot. One afternoon thinking that there might be a rabbit, I made Wolfe the usual sign to go and drive the shrubs, which he obeyed, but ere he had gone some yards beneath the bushes I heard him make a peculiar noise with his jaws, which he always made when he saw anything he did not like,

and he came softly back to me with a sheepish look. I repeated the sign and encouraged him to go, but he never got beyond the spot he had been to in the first instance and invariably returned to me, with a very odd expression of countenance. Curiosity tempted me to creep into the bushes to discover the cause of the dog's unwonted behaviour, when there I found congregated under one of the shrubs, eight or nine of my young pheasants, who had for the first time, roosted at a distance from their coop. Wolfe had seen and known the young pheasants and would not scare them.

“Wolfe was the cause of my detecting and discharging one of my game-keepers. I had forbidden my rabbits to be killed until my return, and the keeper was ordered simply to walk Wolfe to exercise on the farm. There was a large stone quarry in the vicinity, where there were a good many rabbits, some parts of which were so steep, that though you might look over the cliff, and shoot a rabbit below, neither man nor dog could pick him up without going a considerable way round. On approaching the edge of the quarry to look over for a rabbit, I was surprised

at missing Wolfe, who invariably stole off in another direction, but always the same way. At last on shooting a rabbit, I discovered that he invariably went to the only spot by which he could descend to pick up whatever fell to the gun, and by this I found that somebody had shot rabbits in his presence at times when I was from home.

“Wolfe accompanied me to my residence in Hampshire, and there I naturalized in a wild state, some white rabbits. For the first year the white ones were never permitted to be killed, and Wolfe saw that such was the case. One summer’s afternoon I shot a white rabbit for the first time, and Wolfe jumped the garden fence to pick the rabbit up, but his astonishment and odd sheepish look, when he found it was a white one, were curious in the extreme. He dropped his stern, made his usual snap with his jaws and came back looking up in my face, as much as to say, you’ve made a mistake and shot a white rabbit, but I’ve not picked him up; I was obliged to assure him that I intended to shoot it, and to encourage him before he would return and bring the rabbit to me. Wolfe died when he was about nine years old, and was succeeded by

my present favourite Brenda, a hare greyhound of the highest cast. Brenda won the Oak stakes of her year, and is a very fast and stout greyhound. I have taught her to retrieve game to the gun, to drive home the game from dangerous sands, and in short to do every thing but speak, and this she attempts, by making a beautiful sort of bark, when she wants her dinner.

“ I have the lop-eared rabbit, naturalized, and in a half wild, and wild state, and Brenda is often to be seen with some of the tamest of them asleep in the sun on the lawn together. When the rabbits have been going out into dangerous vicinity, late in the evening, I have often sent Brenda to drive them home and to course and kill the wild ones if she could. I have seen one of the wild bred lop-ears get up before her, and I have seen her make a start to course it, but when she saw that it was not a native of the soil she would stop and continue her search for others. The next moment I have seen her course and kill a wild rabbit. She is perfectly steady from hare, if I tell her not to run, and is without any exception one of the prettiest and most useful and engaging creatures ever seen. She is an excellent rat-killer also, and has an amazing an-

tipathy to a cat. When I have been absent from home for some time, Mrs. B. has observed that she is alive to every sound of a wheel, and if the door-bell rings, she is the first to fly to it. When walking on the sea-beach during my absence, she is greatly interested in every boat she sees and watches them with the most intense anxiety, as in the yachting season she has known me return by sea. Brenda would take my part in a row and she is a capital house dog. If ever the heart of a creature was given to man, this beautiful, graceful and clever animal has given me hers, — for her whole existence is either passed in watching for my return, or in seeking opportunities to please me when I am at home. It is a great mistake to suppose that severity of treatment is necessary to the education of a dog, or that it is serviceable in making him steady. Manner, *marked and impressive manner*, is that which teaches obedience, and example rather than command forms the desired character.

“ I had two foxhounds when I hunted stag, — my pack were all foxhounds, — they were named Bachelor and Blunder, we used to play with them together and

they got to know each other by name ; in returning from hunting, my brother and myself used to amuse ourselves by saying in a peculiar tone of voice, the one we used to use in playing with them, ‘ Bachelor where’s Blunder,’ on hearing this, Bachelor’s stern and bristles arose, and he trotted about among the pack, looking for Blunder, and when he found him, he would push his nose against his ear and growl at him. Thus Bachelor evidently knew Blunder by name, and this arose from the way in which we used to play with them. At this moment, when far away from home and after an absence of many weeks, if I sing a particular song, which I always sing to a dog named Jessie, Brenda, though staying in houses where she had never seen Jessie, will get up much excited and look to the door and out of the window in expectation of her friend. I have a great pleasure in the society of all animals, and I love to make my house a place where all may meet in rest and good fellowship. This is far easier to achieve than people would think for, — when dogs are kindly used, but impressed with ideas of obedience.

“ The Gazelle which came home from Acre in the

Thunderer, was one evening feeding from Mrs. B.'s plate at dessert, when Odion, the great deer hound, who was beaten in my match against the five deer, by an unlucky stab in the first course, came in by special invitation for his biscuit. The last deer he had seen previous to the gazelle, he had coursed and pulled down. The strange expression of his dark face, was beautiful when he first saw her, and halting in his run up to me, he advanced more slowly directly to her, she met him also in apparent wonder at his great size, and they smelled each others faces. Odion then kissed her and came to me for his biscuit, and never after noticed her. She will at times butt him, if he takes up too much of the fire, but this she will not do to Brenda, except in play, and if she is eating from Mrs. Berkeley's hand, Brenda by a peculiar look can send her away and take her place. Odion, the gazelle, Brenda and the rabbits will all quietly lay on the lawn together, and the gazelle and Bruiser, an immense house dog between the blood-hound and mastiff, will run and play together.

"I had forgotten to mention a bull and mastiff dog, that I had, called 'Grumbo.' He was previous to

Smoaker, and was indeed the first four-footed companion established in my confidence. I was then very young and of course inclined to anything like a row. Grumbo, therefore, was well entered in all kinds of strife, bulls, oxen, pigs, men, dogs, all came in turn, as combatants, and Grumbo had the oddest ways of making men and animals the *aggressors*, I ever knew. He seemed to make it a point of honor never to begin, but on receiving a hint from me ; some one of his enemies was sure to commence the battle, and then he or both of us would turn to, as an oppressed party. I have seen him walk leisurely out into the middle of a field where oxen were grazing, and then throw himself down. Either a bull, or the oxen were sure to be attracted by the novel sight, and come dancing and blowing round him. All this he used to bear with the most stoical fortitude till some one of the beasts more forward than the rest touched him with the horn. War to the knife and no favour, was then the cry, and Grumbo had one of them by the nose directly. He being engaged at odds, I of course made in to help him, and such a scene of confusion used to follow as was scarce ever seen. Grumbo

tossed in the air, and then some beast pinned by the nose would lie down and bellow, I should all this time be swinging round on to some of their tails, and so it would go on till Grumbo and myself were tired, and our enemies happy to beat a retreat. If he wished to pick a quarrel with a man, he would walk listlessly before him, till the man trod on him, and then the row began. Grumbo was the best assistant night or day for catching delinquents in the world; as a proof of his thoughtful sagacity, I give the following fact. He was my sole companion when I watched two men steal a quantity of pheasant's eggs; we gave chase, but before I could come near them, with two hundred yards start of me, they fled. There was no hope of my overtaking them, before they reached the village of Harlington, so I gave Grumbo the office. Off he went, but in the chase the men ran up a headland on which a cow was tethered. They passed the cow, and when the dog came up to the cow, he stopped and to my horror contemplated a grab at the tempting nose. He was however uncertain as to whether or not this would be right, and he looked back to me for further assurance. I

made the sign to go ahead, and he understood it, for he took up the running again, and disappeared down a narrow pathway leading through the Orchards to the houses. When I turned that corner, to my infinite delight, I found him placed in the narrow path, directly in front of one of the poachers, with such an evident determination of purpose, that the man was standing stock still, afraid to stir either hand or foot. I came up, and secured the offender, and bade the dog be quiet."

It is I believe a fact, and if so, it is a curious one, that the dog in a wild state only howls; but when he becomes the friend and companion of man, he has then wants and wishes, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, to which in his wilder state he appears to have been a stranger. His vocabulary, if it may be so called, then increases in order to express his enlarged and varying emotions. He anticipates rewards and punishments, and learns to solicit the former and deprecate the latter. He bounds exultingly forth to accompany his master in his walks, rides, and sports of the field. He acts as the faithful guardian of his property. He is his fire-side com-

panion, evidently discerns days of household mirth or grief, and deports himself accordingly. Hence his energies, and his sensibilities are all expanded, and what he feels he seeks to tell in various accents, and in different ways. For instance our little dog comes and pulls his mistress's gown and makes significant whines, if any one is in or about the premises whom he thinks has no right to be there. I have seen a dog pick up a stick and bring it in his mouth to his master, looking at the water first and then at his master, evidently that the stick might be thrown into it, that he might have the pleasure of swimming after it. In my younger days, I was in the habit of teasing a favourite dog by twitching his nose and pretending to pull his ears. He would snap gently at me, but if, by accident, he gave me rather a harder bite than he had intended, he became instantly aware of it, and expressed his regret in a way not to be mistaken. Dogs who have hurt or cut themselves will submit patiently while the wound is being dressed, however much the operation may hurt them. They become instantly sensible that no punishment is intended to be inflicted, and I have seen them lick the

hand of the operator, as if grateful for what he was doing. Those who are in the habit of having dogs constantly in the room with them, will have perceived how alive they are to the slightest change in the countenance of their master, how gently they will touch him with their paw when he is eating in order to remind him of their own want of food, and how readily they distinguish the movements of any inmate of the house from those of a stranger. These, and many other circumstances which might be mentioned, shew a marked distinction between a domesticated dog and one that is wild, or who has lived with people who are in an uncivilized state, such as the Esquimaux, &c. Both the wild and domestic dog, however, appear to be possessed of and to exercise forethought. They will bury or hide food, which they are unable to consume at once and return for it. But the domestic dog, perhaps, gives stronger proofs of forethought; and I will give an instance of it. A large metal pot, turned on one side, in which a great quantity of porridge had been boiled, was set before a Newfoundland puppy of three or four months old. At first he contented himself by licking off portions of

the oatmeal which adhered to the interior, but finding this unsatisfactory, he scraped the morsels with his fore paws into a heap, and then ate the whole at once. I had a dog who having once scalded his tongue, always afterwards when I gave him his milk and water at breakfast, put his paw very cautiously into the saucer to see if the liquid was too hot, before he would touch it with his tongue.

If a dog finds a bone while he is accompanying his master in a walk, he does not stay behind to gnaw it, but runs some distance in advance, attacks the bone, waits till his master comes up, and then proceeds forward again with it. By acting in this manner, he never loses sight of his master.

A dog has been known to convey food to another of his species who was tied up and pining for want of it. A dog has frequently been seen to plunge voluntarily into a rapid stream to rescue another that was in danger of drowning. He has defended helpless curs from the attacks of other dogs, and learns to apportion punishment according to the provocation received, frequently disdaining to exercise his power and strength on a weaker adversary. Repeated pro-

vocation will, however, excite anger and revenge. For instance, a Newfoundland dog was quietly eating his mess of broth and broken scraps. While so employed, a turkey endeavoured to share the meal with him. The dog growled and displayed his teeth. The intruder retired for a moment, but quickly returned to the charge, and was again "warned off," with a like result. After three or four attempts of the same kind, the dog became provoked, gave a sudden ferocious growl, bit off the delinquent's head, and then quietly finished his meal, without bestowing any further attention on his victim.

A small cur, blind of one eye, lame, ugly, old and somewhat selfish, yet possessed of great shrewdness, was usually fed with three large dogs. Watching his opportunity, he generally contrived to seize the best bit of offal or bone, with which he retreated into a recess, the opening to which was so small that he knew the other dogs could not follow him into it, and where he enjoyed his repast without the fear of molestation.

Early habits predominate strongly in dogs, and indeed in other animals. At the house of a gentleman

in Wexford, out of four dogs kept to guard the premises, three of them would always wag their tails, and express what might be called civility on the approach of any well dressed visitors, manifesting, on the other hand, no very friendly feelings towards vagrants or ill dressed people. The fourth,—a sort of fox-hound,—which, as a puppy, had belonged to a poor man, always seemed to recognize beggars, and ill dressed passengers, as old familiar friends, growling at well attired strangers, barking vehemently at gigs, and becoming almost frantic with rage at a four wheeled carriage.

The olfactory nerves of a dog are quite extraordinary, and it is said, that making allowance for difference of corporeal bulk, they are about four times larger than those of man. Some dogs however seem to excel in acuteness of hearing, and others in peculiar powers of vision. A gentleman in Cornwall possessed a dog, which seemed to set a value on white and shining pebble stones, of which he had made a large collection in a hole under an old tree. A dog in Regent Street is said to have barked with joy on hearing the wheels of his master's carriage

driven to the door, when he could not by any possibility see the vehicle, and while many other carriages were at the time passing and repassing. This, I believe, is a fact by no means uncommon.

My retriever will carry an egg in his mouth to a great distance, and during a considerable length of time without ever breaking or even cracking the shell. A small bird having escaped from its cage and fallen into the sea, a dog conveyed it in his mouth to the ship, without doing it the slightest injury.

A dog, belonging to the late Dr. Robert Hooper, had been in the constant habit of performing various little personal services for his master, such as fetching his slippers, &c. It happened one day that Dr. Hooper had been detained by his professional duties much beyond his usual dinner hour. The dog impatiently waited for his arrival, and he at last returned, weary and hungry. After shewing his pleasure at the arrival of his master, greeting him with his usual attention, the animal remained tolerably quiet until he conceived a reasonable time had elapsed for the preparation of the Doctor's dinner. As it did not,

however, make its appearance, the dog went into the kitchen, seized with his mouth a half-broiled beef-steak, with which he hastened back to his master, placing it on the table-cloth before him.

The following anecdote shews an extraordinary sense, if not a reasoning faculty in a dog.

A lady of high rank has a sort of Colley, or Scotch sheep-dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so,—but if he is told to ring the bell, when the servant is in the room whose duty it is to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place. His mistress says, “ring the bell, dog.” The dog looks at the servant and then barks his bow, bow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant’s coat in a significant manner, just as if he had said to him — “Don’t you hear that I am to ring the bell for you — come to my Lady?” His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on, but during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this, he immediately interfered, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid’s

negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say—if he could — “it is all right now.”

At Albany in Worcestershire, at the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about a half a quarter of a mile. The dog usually received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having on *one day only* neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog on the arrival of the next mail buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search.

A gentleman residing in Denmark, Mr. Deconick, one of the King's Privy Counsellors, found that he had a remarkable dog. It was the habit of Mr. Deconick to leave Copenhagen on Fridays for Drogenborg, his country seat. If he did not arrive there on the Friday evening, the dog would invariably be found at Copenhagen on Saturday morning in search of his master. Hydrophobia becoming common, all dogs were shot that were found running about, an

exception being made in the case of Mr. Decouick's dog, on account of his sagacity and fidelity, a distinctive mark being placed upon him.

The manner in which the Shepherds of the Pyrenees employ their peculiar breed of dogs, which are large, long-haired, of a tawny white colour, and a very strong build, with a ferocious temper, exhibits a vivid instance of the trust they repose in the courage and fidelity of these animals, and of the virtues by which they merit and reward it. Attended by three or more dogs, the Shepherds will take their numerous flocks at early dawn to the part of the mountain side which is destined for their pasture. Having counted them, they descend to follow other occupations, and commit the guardianship of the sheep to the sole watchfulness of the dogs. It has been frequently known that when wolves have approached, the three sentinels would walk round and round the flock, gradually compressing them into so small a circle that one dog might with ease overlook and protect them, and that this measure of caution being executed, the remaining two would set forth to engage the enemy, over whom, it is said, they invariably triumph.

Such are some of the qualities of dogs in a state of domestication, and let me hope that the anecdotes related of them will tend to insure for them that love and gratitude, which their own fine disposition and noble character give them a claim to from us.

It is pleasing to observe that men of the highest acquirements and most elevated minds have bestowed their sincere attachment upon their favourite canine companions; kindness to animals is perhaps as strong an indication of the possession of generous sentiments as any that can be adduced. The late Lord Grenville, a distinguished statesman, an elegant scholar and an amiable man, affords an illustration of the opinion: It is thus that he eloquently makes his favourite Zephyr speak;—

Captum oculis, senioque hebetem, morboque gravatum,

Dulcis here, antiquo me quod amore foves,

Suave habet et carum Zephyrus tuus, et leviores

Se sentit mortis conditione premi.

Interiorem quidem, tibi quæ placuisse solebant,

Et formæ dotes, et facile ingenium :

Deficiunt sensus, tremulæ scintillula vitæ

Vix micat, in cinerem mox abitura brevem.

Sola manet, vetuli tibi nec despecta ministri,
Mens grata, ipsaque in morte memor domini.
Hanc tu igitur, pro blanditiis mollique lepore,
Et prompta ad nutus sedulitate tuos,
Pro saltu cursuque levi, lusuque protervo,
Hanc nostri extremum pignus amoris habe.
Jamque vale ! Elysii subeo loca læta, piorum
Quæ dat Persephone manibus esse canum.

I have thus endeavoured to give my readers some idea of the general character of the dog, and I will now proceed to illustrate it more fully by anecdotes peculiar to different breeds. These animals will then be found to deserve the encomiums bestowed upon them by Buffon, "as possessing such an ardour of sentiment, with fidelity and constancy in their affection, that neither ambition, interest or desire of revenge can corrupt them, and that they have no fear but that of displeasing. They, are, in fact, all zeal, ardour and obedience. More inclined to remember benefits than injuries. More docile and tractable than any other animal, the dog is not only instructed, but conforms himself to the manners, movements, and habits of those who govern him. He is

always eager to obey his master, and will defend his property at the risk of his own life." Pope says, that history is more full of examples of fidelity in the dog than in friends, and Lord Byron characterizes him as —

“ in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone ; ”

and truly indeed may he be called

The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend.



THE IRISH WOLF DOG.

“ His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise.

* * * * *

Oh! had you seen him, vigorous, bold and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage in the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosomed in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing!”

POPE.

A CERTAIN degree of romance will always be attached to the history of the Irish wolf dog, but so contradictory are the accounts handed down to us respecting it, that, with every disposition to do justice to the character of this noble animal, the task is one of no small difficulty.

This dog seems to have flourished, and to have become nearly extinct, with the ancient kings of Ireland, and, with the harp and shamrock, is regarded as one of the national emblems of that country. When princely hospitality was to be found in the old palaces,

castles, and baronial halls of fair Erin, it is hardly possible to imagine anything more aristocratic and imposing than the aspect of these dogs, while attending the banquets of their masters. So great, indeed, was their height, that it has been affirmed that when their chieftain was seated at table, these dogs could rest their heads on his shoulders. However this may have been, it is certain that the bold, majestic, and commanding appearance of the animal, joined to the mild and softened look with which he regarded those to whom he was attached, and whom he was always ready to defend, must have rendered him worthy of the enthusiasm with which the remembrance of him is still cherished by the warm-hearted people of Ireland.

The following anecdote, which has been communicated to me by an amiable Irish nobleman, will at all events serve to show the peculiar instinct which the Irish wolf-dog was supposed to possess.

A gentleman of an ancient family, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, from his having been engaged in the troubles which agitated Ireland about forty years since, went into a coffee-room at Dublin

during that period, accompanied by a noble wolf dog, supposed to be one of the last of the breed. There was only one other gentleman in the coffee-room, who, on seeing the dog, went up to him, and began to notice him. His owner, in considerable alarm, begged him to desist, as the dog was fierce, and would never allow a stranger to touch him. The gentleman resumed his seat, when the dog came to him, shewed the greatest pleasure at being noticed, and allowed himself to be fondled. His owner could not disguise his astonishment. "You are the only person," he said, "whom that dog would ever allow to touch him without shewing resentment. May I beg the favour of you to tell me your name?"—mentioning his own at the same time. The stranger announced it, (he was the last of his race, one of the most ancient and noble in Ireland and descended from one of its kings.) "I do not wonder," said the owner of the dog, "at the homage this animal has paid you. He recognizes in you the descendant of one of our most ancient race of gentlemen to whom this breed of dogs almost exclusively belonged, and the peculiar instinct he possesses has now been shewn in a manner, which cannot

be mistaken by me who am so well acquainted with the ferocity this dog has hitherto shewn to all strangers."

Few persons, Sir Walter Scott excepted, would, perhaps, be inclined to give credit to this anecdote. So convinced was he of the extraordinary instinct exhibited by dogs generally, that he has been heard to declare that he would believe anything of a dog. The anecdote, however, above related, was communicated to me with the strongest assurance of its strict accuracy.

In a poem, written by Mrs. Catherine Philips, about the year 1660, the character of the Irish wolf hound is well pourtrayed, and proves the estimation in which he was held at that period.

Behold this creature's form and state !
Him Nature surely did create,
That to the world might be exprest
What mien there can be in a beast ;
More nobleness of form and mind
Than in the lion we can find :
Yea, this heroic beast doth seem
In majesty to rival him.

Yet he vouchsafes to man to shew
His service, and submission too —
And here we a distinction have ;
That brute is fierce — the dog is brave.

He hath himself so well subdued
That hunger cannot make him rude ;
And all his manners do confess
That courage dwells with gentleness.

War with the wolf he loves to wage,
And never quits if he engage ;
But praise him much, and you may chance
To put him out of countenance.
And having done a deed so brave,
He looks not sullen, yet looks grave.

No fondling play-fellow is he ;
His master's guard he wills to be :
Willing for him his blood be spent,
His look is never insolent.
Few men to do such noble deeds have learn'd,
Nor having done, could look so unconcern'd.

This is one of the finest descriptions of a noble dog, which I have yet met with in English poetry. Courage and modesty are well portrayed, and contrasted.

Montfaucon gives a relation, and a print of a duel between a gentleman and a large Irish wolf-hound, in the year 1371, in the presence of King Charles the Fifth of France. After an account of the fight, in which the dog was victorious, it is added, that it has always been observed of this particuar breed of dogs, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat.

The strength of these dogs must have been very great. A nobleman informed me that, when he was a boy and staying on a visit with the Knight of Kerry, two Irish wolf-dogs made their escape from the place in which they were confined, and pulled down and killed a horse, which was in an adjoining paddock.

The following affecting anecdote of an Irish wolf-dog, called "the Dog of Aughrim," affords a proof of the extraordinary fidelity of these animals to their masters, and puts to shame the vaunted superiority of many human brutes.

At the hard fought battle of Aughrim or Videonnel, an Irish officer was accompanied by his wolf-hound. This gentleman was killed and stript in the battle,

but the dog remained by his body both by day and night. He fed upon some of the other bodies with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them or anything else to touch that of his master. When all the other bodies were consumed, the other dogs departed, but this used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and presently to return again to the place where his master's bones were only then left. This he continued to do from July, when the battle was fought, 'till the January following, when a soldier being quartered near, and going that way by chance, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his master's bones, flew upon the soldier, who, being surprised at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his carbine, he having been thrown on his back, and killed the noble animal. He expired with the same fidelity to the remains of his unfortunate master, as that master had shewn devotion to the cause of his unhappy country.

In the Irish Penny Journal, there is an interesting account of the Irish wolf-dog, from which the following anecdote is taken.

In the mountainous parts of the County Tyrone,

the inhabitants suffered much from the wolves, and gave from the public fund as much for the head of one of these animals, as they would now give for the capture of a notorious robber on the highway. There lived in those days an adventurer, who, alone and unassisted, made it his occupation to destroy these ravagers. The time for attacking them was in the night, and midnight was fixed upon for doing so, as that was their wonted time for leaving their lairs in search of food, when the country was at rest and all was still; then, issuing forth, they fell on their defenceless prey, and the carnage commenced. There was a species of dog for the purpose of hunting them, called the wolf-dog; the animal resembled a rough, stout, half-bred greyhound, but was much stronger. In the County Tyrone there was then a large space of ground inclosed by a high stone wall, having a gap at each of the two opposite extremities, and in this were secured the flocks of the surrounding farmers. Still, secure though this fold was deemed, it was entered by the wolves, and its inmates slaughtered. The neighbouring proprietors having heard of the noted wolf-hunter above mentioned,

by name Rory Carragh, sent for him, and offered the usual reward, with some addition, if he would undertake to destroy the two remaining wolves that had committed such devastation. Carragh, undertaking the task, took with him two wolf-dogs, and a little boy twelve years of age, the only person who would accompany him, and repaired at the approach of midnight to the fold in question. "Now," said Carragh to the boy, "as the two wolves usually enter the opposite extremities of the sheep-fold at the same time, I must leave you and one of the dogs to guard this one while I go to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat, nor will you hear him, but the dog will, and will give him the first fall. If, therefore, you are not active when he is down to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear, he will rise up and kill both you and the dog. So good night."

"I'll do what I can," said the little boy, as he took the spear from the wolf-hunter's hand.

The boy immediately threw open the gate of the fold, and took his seat in the inner part, close to the entrance, his faithful companion crouching at his side,

and seeming perfectly aware of the dangerous business he was engaged in. The night was very dark and cold, and the poor little boy, being benumbed with the chilly air, was beginning to fall into a kind of sleep, when at that instant the dog, with a roar, leaped across, and laid his mortal enemy upon the earth. The boy was roused into double activity by the voice of his companion, and drove the spear through the wolf's neck as he had been directed, at which time Carragh appeared, bearing the head of the other.

This anecdote is taken from a biography of a Tyrone family, published in Belfast in 1829.

It is now time to attempt a description of this celebrated dog, and here our difficulties commence. Some writers have affirmed that it was rough-coated, and having the appearance of a greyhound—

“ The greyhound ! the great hound ! the graceful of limb !
Rough fellow ! tall fellow ! &c.”

while others assert that it was of a mastiff-like appearance, and smooth, strong and tall. All we can do is to bring forward the different evidence we

have been able to collect, and then to let our readers judge for themselves.

In an old print of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, there are two wolf-dogs, which are represented as smooth, prick-eared, and with somewhat bushy tails. Lord Lucan distinguished himself in several engagements, and commanded the second troop of Irish Horse Guards, to which he was appointed by James II. and received his death wound, behaving most gallantly at the head of his countrymen in 1693, when the Allies, under William III., were defeated by Marshal Luxembourg at the battle of Landen. He was probably attended by his faithful wolf-dogs on that occasion, when he uttered those sublime words which no Irishman will ever forget — “ Oh — that this was for Ireland,” thus shewing his love and affection for his native country as he was expiring in the arms of victory.

An old and amiable acquaintance, Mr. Aylmer Bourke Lambert, now, alas, no more, communicated an account of the wolf-hound to the Linnæan Society, which may be found in the third volume of their Transactions. He had in his possession an old pic-

ture of one of these dogs, which, at the sale of his effects, was purchased by the Earl of Derby; the dog is represented as smooth-haired, with a somewhat wide forehead, and having no appearance of the greyhound, but more of that of the mastiff.

In February 1841, Mr. Webber presented to the Royal Irish Academy an antient stone, on which is carved a rude bas-relief, supposed to be the representation of a dog killing a wolf. Mr. Webber accompanied the present with a communication to the effect, that the stone was taken from the Castle of Ardnaglass, in the barony of Tireragh, and county of Sligo, and was said to commemorate the destruction of the last wolf in Ireland. The current tradition in the place from whence it came was, that some years after it was supposed that the race of wolves was extinct, the flocks in the county of Leitrim were attacked by a wild animal, which turned out to be a wolf—that thereupon the chieftains of Leitrim applied to O'Dowd, the chieftain of Tireragh (who possessed a celebrated dog of the breed of the antient Irish wolf-dog), to come and hunt the wolf. This application having been complied with by O'Dowd, there ensued a chase, which

forms the subject of an antient Irish legend, detailing the various districts through which it was pursued, until at length the wolf was overtaken and killed in a small wood of pine-trees, at the foot of one of the mountains of Tireragh. The quarter of land on which the wolf was killed, is to this day called *Carrow na Madhoo*, which means *the dog's quarter*. In commemoration of the event, O'Dowd had a representation of it carved on the stone, and placed in the wall of his baronial residence. It is difficult to form an opinion of the shape of a dog from so rude a representation, except that it appears to have had a wide forehead and prieked ears.

A gentleman, who, in his youth saw one of these dogs, informs me that it was smooth, strong and partaking somewhat of the eharacter and appearance of a powerful Danish dog. This agrees with the account given of it by some writers, especially in the *Sportsman's Cabinet*, a work more remarkable for the truth and fineness of its engravings, than for the matter contained in it; Buffon also, forms much the same opinion. That great strength must be necessary to enable a dog to compete with a wolf,

cannot be doubted, and perhaps there is no breed of the rough greyhound now known capable of competing with a wolf single-handed. Her Majesty has now in her possession one of the finest specimens of the Highland deer hound. He has great strength and height, is rough-coated, wide across the loins and altogether is a noble animal. Powerful however as he is, it may be questioned whether such a dog would be a match for a wolf, which the Irish hounds undoubtedly were. This circumstance alone would lead us to suppose, that we must look to a different breed than that of greyhounds as the antagonists of the Wolf.

But it is time to turn to the other side of the question.

In a very agreeable, well written article in the Irish Penny Journal of May, 1841, the Author brings forward strong evidence to prove, that the celebrated Irish wolf-dog resembled a greyhound in form. He will, I hope, allow me to quote some of his arguments which shew considerable research and historical information. He says—

“Public opinion has long been divided respecting

the precise appearance and form of this majestic animal, and so many different ideas have been conceived of him, that many persons have been induced to come to the conclusion that no particular breed of dogs was ever kept for wolf-hunting in Ireland, but that the appellation of "wolf-dog" was bestowed upon any dog swift enough to overtake and powerful enough to contend with and overcome that formidable animal. While some hold this opinion, others suppose that though a particular breed was used, it was a sort of heavy mastiff-like dog, now extinct. It is the object of the present paper to shew that not only did Ireland possess a peculiar race of dogs, exclusively devoted to wolf-hunting, but that those dogs instead of being of the mastiff kind, resembled the greyhound in form; and instead of being extinct are still to be met with, although they are very scarce. I myself was once in a very gross error respecting this dog, for I conceived him to have been a mastiff, and implicitly believed that the dogs of Lord Altamont, described in the third volume of the Linnæan Transactions by Mr. Lambert, were the sole surviving representatives of the Irish wolf-dog. An

able paper, read by Mr. Haffield, about a year ago before the Dublin Natural History Society, served to stagger me in my belief, and subsequent careful inquiry and research have completed my conversion. I proceed to lay before my readers the result of that inquiry, and I feel confident that no individual after reading the evidence which I shall adduce, will continue to harbour a doubt respecting the true appearance and form of the antient Irish wolf-dog.

“We are informed by several disjointed scraps of Celtic verse that in the times of old, when Fionn Mac Cumhaill, popularly styled Finn Mac Cool, wielded the sceptre of power and justice, we possessed a prodigious and courageous dog used for hunting the deer and wild boar, and also the wolf, which ravaged the folds and slaughtered the herds of our ancestors. We learn from the same source that these dogs were also frequently employed as auxiliaries in war, and that they were ‘mighty in combat, their breasts like plates of brass, and greatly to be feared.’ We might adduce the songs of Ossian, where the epithets ‘hairy footed,’ ‘white-breasted,’ and ‘bounding,’ are singularly characteristic of some of the striking peculi-

arities of the dog in question, and strangely coincide with the descriptions furnished by other writers respecting him. Mac Pherson must at all events have been at the pains of considerable research if he actually forged the beautiful poems, which he put forth to the world under Ossian's name. The word 'Bran,' the name given to Fingal's noble hound, employed by others than Ossian, is Celtic and signifies 'Mountain Torrent,' implying that impetuosity of course and headlong courage which the dog possessed. I have said that many assert the Irish wolf-dog to be no longer in existence. I have ventured a denial of this and refer to the wolf-dog or deer-dog of the highlands of Scotland, as his actual and faithful living representative. Perhaps I am wrong in saying representative. I hold that the Irish wolf-dog and the highland deer-dog are one and the same, and I now proceed to cite a few authorities in support of my position.

"The venerable Bede, as well as the Scotch historian John Major, informs us that Scotland was originally peopled from Ireland under the conduct of Renda, and that one half of Scotland spoke the Irish lan-

guage as their mother tongue. Many persons, also, are doubtless aware that, even at this present time, the Gaelic and Erse are so much alike, that a Con-naught man finds no difficulty in comprehending and conversing with a Highlander. Scotland also was called by the early writers Scotia Minor, and Ireland, Scotia Major. The colonization, therefore, of Scotland from Ireland admits of little doubt. As the Irish wolf-dog was at that time in the enjoyment of his most extended fame, it was not to be expected that the Colonists would omit taking with them such a fine description of dog, and which would prove so useful to them in a newly established settlement, and that too at a period, when hunting was not merely an amusement, but one of their main occupations and also their main source of subsistence. The Irish wolf-dog was thus carried into Scotland and became the Highland or Scottish wolf-dog, changing in process of time his name with his country, and when wolves disappeared from the land, his occupation was that of deer-hunting and thus his present name.

“In Ireland the wolves were in existence longer than in Scotland, but as soon as wolves ceased to

exist in the former country, the dogs were suffered to become extinct also, while in Scotland there was still abundant employment for them after the days of wolf-hunting were over—the deer still remained; and useful as they had been as wolf-dogs, they proved themselves if possible, still more so as deer-hounds.”

“That the Irish wolf-dog was a tall rough greyhound, similar in every respect to the Highland dog of the present day (of which an engraving is given) cannot be doubted from the following authorities. Strabo mentions a tall greyhound in use among the Pictish and Celtic Nations, which he states was held in high esteem by our ancestors, and was even imported into Gaul for the purposes of the chase. Campion expressly speaks of the Irish wolf-dog as a ‘greyhound of great bone and limb.’—Silaus calls it also a greyhound, and asserts that it was imported into Ireland by the Belgæ and is the same with the renowned Belgic dog of antiquity, and that it was, during the days of Roman grandeur, brought to Rome for the combats of the Amphitheatre. Pliny relates a combat in which the Irish wolf-dog took a part—he calls them ‘Canes Graii Hibernici,’ and

describes them as as much taller than the mastiff. Hollinshed, in speaking of the Irish, says, 'They are not without wolves, and greyhounds to hunt them.' Evelyn, speaking of the bear garden, says, 'The bull dogs did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature, and beat a cruel mastiff.'

"Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, was presented by King John with a specimen of this kind of dog. These animals were in those days permitted to be kept only by Princes and chiefs; and in the Welsh laws of the ninth century we find heavy penalties laid down for the maiming or injuring of the Irish greyhound, or as it was styled in the code alluded to 'Canis Graius Hybernicus;' and a value was set on them, equal to more than double that set on the ordinary greyhound.

"Moryson, secretary to Lord Deputy Mountjoy, says, 'The Irishmen and greyhounds are of great stature.' Lombard remarks that the finest hunting dogs in Europe were produced in Ireland: 'Greyhounds useful to take the stag, wild boar or wolf.' Pennant describes these dogs as scarce, and as being led to

the chase in leather slips or thongs, and calls them 'the Irish Greyhound.' Ray mentions him as the greatest dog he had ever seen. Buffon says, he saw an Irish greyhound, which measured five feet in height when in a sitting posture, and says that all other sorts of greyhounds are descended from him and that in Scotland it is called the Highland greyhound: that it is very large, deep-chested and covered with long rough hair.

"Scottish Noblemen were not always content with such specimens of this dog as their own country produced, but frequently sent for them to Ireland, conceiving doubtless that they would be found better and purer in their native land. The following is a copy of a letter addressed by Deputy Falkland to the Earl of Cork in 1623:—

'My Lord

I have lately received letters from my Lord Duke of Buccleuch and others of my noble friends who have entreated me to send them some greyhound dogs and bitches, out of this kingdom, of the largest sort, which I perceive they intend to present unto divers princes and other noble persons; and if you

can possibly, let them be white, which is the colour most in request here. Expecting your answer by the bearer, I commit you to the protection of the Almighty, and am your Lordship's attached friend,

FALKLAND.'

"Smith, in his history of Waterford, says, 'the Irish greyhound is nearly extinct: it is much taller than a mastiff, but more like a greyhound, and for size, strength and shape, cannot be equalled. Roderick, king of Connaught, was obliged to furnish hawks and greyhounds to Henry II. Sir Thomas Rue obtained great favour from the Great Mogul in 1615 for a brace of Irish greyhounds presented by him. Henry VIII. presented the Marquis of Dessarages, a Spanish grandee, with two goshawks and four Irish greyhounds.'

"Perhaps sufficient evidence has now been adduced to demonstrate the identity of the Irish wolf-dog with the Highland deer-hound. I may however, in conclusion, give an extract from the excellent paper of Mr. Haffield, already alluded to, as having been read before the Dublin Natural History Society, of the following communication, received by that gentle-

man from Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms, an authority of very high importance on any subject connected with Irish antiquities. Sir William says,— ‘From the mention of the wolf-dogs in the old Irish poems and stories, and also from what I have heard from a very old person, long since dead, of his having seen them at ‘The Neale,’ in the County of Mayo, the seat of Sir John Browne, ancestor to Lord Kilmaine, I have no doubt they were a gigantic greyhound. My departed friend described them as being very gentle, and that Sir John Browne allowed them to come into his dining-room, where they put their heads over the shoulders of those who sat at table. They were not smoothed-skinned like our greyhounds, but rough and curly-haired. The Irish poets call the wolf-dog ‘Cu,’ and the common greyhound ‘Gayer,’ a marked distinction, the word ‘Cu’ signifying a champion.’

“The colour of these dogs varies, but the most esteemed are dark iron-grey, with white breast. They are, however, to be found of a yellowish or sandy hue, brinded, or even white. In former times, as will be seen from Lord Falkland’s letter quoted above,

this latter colour was by many preferred. It is described as a stately majestic animal, extremely good tempered and quiet in his disposition, unless when irritated or excited, when he becomes furious, and is, in consequence of his tremendous strength, a truly formidable animal."

Goldsmith asserts that he had seen a dozen of these dogs and informs us "that the largest was about four feet high, or as tall as a calf of a year old. They are generally of a white or cinnamon colour, and more robust than the greyhound — their aspect mild, and their disposition gentle and peaceable. It is said that their strength is so great that in combat, the mastiff or bull-dog is far from equal to them. They commonly seize their antagonists by the back and shake them to death. These dogs were never serviceable for hunting, either the stag, the fox or the hare. Their chief utility was in hunting wolves, and to this breed may be attributed the final extirpation of those ferocious animals in England and Wales in early times in the woody districts."

Having thus given these different accounts of the Irish wolf-dog, I may add that some persons are of

opinion that there were two kinds of them—one partaking of the shape and disposition of the mastiff, and the other of the Highland deer-hound. It is not improbable that a noble cross of dogs might have been made from these two sorts. At all events I have fairly stated the whole of the information I have been able to obtain respecting these dogs, and my readers must form their own opinions. I have been promised further accounts from some friends in Ireland, and should they arrive before this article goes to the press, they shall be added to it. In the mean time I may be allowed to give the following anecdote, which has recently been communicated to me, as it is somewhat curious.

“Two whelps were made a present to my brother by Harvey Combe, of a breed between the old Irish wolf-dog and the blood-hound. My brother gave them to Robert Evatt of Mount Louise, County Monaghan. One died young, but the other grew to be a very noble animal indeed. Unfortunately he took to chasing sheep, and became an incorrigible destroyer of that inoffensive but valuable stock. Evatt found he could not afford to keep such a marauder, and as he was

going to Dublin, he took up the sheep-killer, in order to present him to the Zoological Society as a fine specimen of the breed. His servant was holding him at the door of the hotel when a gig drove up, and the gentleman alighted. The dog sprung from the servant's hold, and jumping into the gig with one bound, seized the mat at the bottom of the gig, which was made of sheepskin, and with another bound made away with his woolly prize, and was brought back with difficulty after a long and fatiguing pursuit."

This is one of the most desperate cases of sheep-hunting in dogs I ever met with. It is said, that this propensity may be got rid of by tying a cord covered with wool to the dog's lower jaw, so that the wool may be kept in the mouth.

I should mention that in a Manuscript of Froissart in the British Museum, which is highly illuminated, there is a representation of the grand entrance of Queen Isabel of England into Paris in the year 1324. She is attended by a noble greyhound, who has a flag, *powdered* with fleurs-de-lys, bound to his neck.

Greyhounds were a favourite species of dogs in the middle ages. In the antient pipe-rolls, payments are

frequently made in greyhounds. In Hawes' "Pastime of Pleasure," (written in the time of Henry VII.) Fame is attended by two greyhounds, on whose golden collars, Grace and Governauce are inscribed in diamond letters.

In the pictures of Rubens, Snyders, and other old Masters, some of the powerful dogs there represented would appear to be a breed between the greyhound and mastiff. Nothing can exceed the majestic and commanding appearance of these dogs, and such a breed would be most likely to produce the sort of animal most capable of contending with the wolf.

The Irish wolf-dogs were formerly placed as the supporters of the arms of the antient Monarchs of Ireland. They were collared, *or* — with the mottoes,

"Gentle when stroked — Fierce when provoked."

Mr. Scrope, in his agreeable book on deer-stalking in Scotland, has communicated an account from Mr. Macneill of Colonsay, of the Highland deer-hound, in which are some interesting remarks relative to the Irish wolf-dog, and from which I shall make a few extracts.

In making these extracts, it is impossible not to be struck with a remark in the work referred to, that from modern writers we learn nothing further respecting the Irish wolf-dog, than that such a race of dogs at one time existed in Ireland, that they were of a gigantic size, and that they are now extinct.

One great obstacle in the way of investigating the history of this dog, has arisen from the different appellations given to it, according to the fancy of the natives in different parts of the country, such as Irish wolf-dog, Irish greyhound, Highland deer-hound, and Scotch greyhound, and this circumstance may have produced the confusion in fixing its identity.

In the fourth century a number of dogs of a great size were sent in iron-cages from Ireland to Rome, and it is not improbable that the dogs so sent were greyhounds, particularly as we learn from the authority of Evelyn and others, that the Irish wolf-dog was used for the fights of the bear-garden. Greyhound, probably means a great hound.

Holinshed, in his "Description of Ireland and the Irish," written in 1586, has the following notice,—
"They are not without wolves, and greyhounds to

hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt;" and in a frontispiece to Sir James Ware's History of Ireland, an allegorical representation is given of a passage from the venerable Bede, in which two dogs are introduced, bearing a strong resemblance to that given by Gesner, in his history of Quadrupeds, published in 1560.

The term *Irish* is applied to highland dogs, as every thing Celtic (not excepting the language) was designated in England, probably in consequence of Ireland being, at that period, better known to the English than Scotland. This is perhaps a proof of the similarity of the Irish and Scotch deer-hounds.

Of the courage of the ancient deer-hound there can be little doubt, from the nature of the game for which he was used. If any proof were wanting, an incident mentioned by Evelyn in his Diary in 1670, when present at a bull fight in the Bear garden, is conclusive. He says, "The bulls (meaning the bulldogs) did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff."

Here, perhaps, is a proof that the Irish wolf-

dog was a greyhound, and there can be little doubt that it is the same dog that we find mentioned under the name of "the Irish greyhound."

Buffon remarks that "the Irish greyhounds are of a very ancient race. They were called by the ancients dogs of Epirus, and Albanian dogs. Pliny gives an account of a combat between one of these dogs, first with a lion, and then with an elephant. In France they are so rare, that I never saw above one of them, which appeared when sitting to be about five feet high. He was totally white, and of a mild and peaceable disposition."

The following description of these dogs translated from a Celtic poem, is probably an accurate one,

An eye of sloe, with ear not low,
With horse's breast, with depth of chest,
With breadth of loin, and curve in groin,
And nape set far behind the head —
Such were the dogs that Fingal bred.

It is probable that even in Scotland, very few of the pure breed of dogs is left, but those which are shew a surprising combination of speed, strength, size, endurance, courage, sagacity, docility and it may

be added, dignity. The purest specimens of the deer hound now to be met with are supposed to be those belonging to Captain Mc Neill of Colonsay, two of them being called Buskar and Bran. And here let me give an extract from an interesting and graphic account, published by Mr. Scrope of the performance of these dogs in the chase of a stag. Let us fancy a party assembled over night in a highland glen, consisting of sportsmen, deer stalkers, a piper and two deer hounds, cooking their supper, and concluding it with the never failing accompaniment of whiskey toddy. Let us fancy them reposing on a couch of dried fern and heather, and being awoke in the morning with the lively air of "Hey Johnny Cope." While their breakfast is preparing, they wash and refresh themselves at a pure mountain stream, and are soon ready to issue forth with Buskar and Bran. The party proceeds up a rocky glen, where the Stalker sees a stag about a mile off. He immediately prostrates himself on the ground, and in a second the rest follow his example. We will not follow all the different manœuvres of the deer-stalker and his followers, but bring them at once near the unconscious stag.

After performing a very considerable circuit, moving sometimes forwards and sometimes backwards, the party at length arrive at the back of a hillock, on the opposite side of which, the stalker said in a whisper, that the deer was lying, and that he was not distant a hundred yards. The whole party immediately moved forward in silent and breathless expectation, with the dogs in front straining in the slips. On reaching the top of the hillock, a full view of the noble stag presented itself, who, having heard the footsteps, had sprung on his legs, and was staring at his enemies, at the distance of about sixty yards.

“The dogs were slipped; a general halloo burst from us all, and the stag, wheeling round, set off at full speed, with Buskar and Bran straining after him.

“The brown figure of the deer, with his noble antlers laid back, contrasted with the light colour of the dogs stretching along the dark heath, presented one of the most exciting scenes that it is possible to imagine.

“The deer’s first attempt was to gain some rising ground to the left of the spot where we stood, and rather behind us, but, being closely pursued by the

dogs, he soon found that his only safety was in speed, and (as a deer does not run well up hill, nor like a roe, straight down hill,) on the dogs approaching him he turned, and almost retraced his footsteps, taking however a steeper line of descent than the one by which he ascended. Here the chase became most interesting—the dogs pressed him hard, and the deer getting confused, found himself suddenly on the brink of a small precipice of about fourteen feet in height, from the bottom of which there sloped a rugged mass of stones. He paused for a moment, as if afraid to take the leap, but the dogs were so close that he had no alternative.

“At this time the party were not above one hundred and fifty yards distant, and most anxiously waited the result, fearing, from the ruggedness of the ground below, that the deer would not survive the leap. They were, however, soon relieved from their anxiety, for though he took the leap, he did so more cunningly than gallantly, dropping himself in the most singular manner, so that his hind legs first reached the broken rocks below, nor were the dogs long in following him. Buskar sprang first, and extraordinary

to relate, did not lose his legs. Bran followed, and, on reaching the ground, performed a complete somerset. He soon, however, recovered his legs, and the chase was continued in an oblique direction down the side of a most rugged and rocky brae, the deer apparently more fresh and nimble than ever, jumping through the rocks like a goat, and the dogs well up, though occasionally receiving the most fearful falls.

“ From the high position in which we were placed, the chase was visible for nearly half a mile. When some rising ground intercepted our view, we made with all speed for a higher point, and, on reaching it, we could perceive that the dogs, having got upon smooth ground, had gained on the deer, who was still going at speed, and were close up with him. Bran was then leading, and in a few seconds was at his heels, and immediately seized his hock with such violence of grasp, as seemed in a great measure to paralyse the limb, for the deer’s speed was immediately checked. Buskar was not far behind, for soon afterwards passing Bran, he seized the deer by the neck. Notwithstanding the weight of the two dogs which were hanging to him, having the assistance of

the slope of the ground, he continued dragging them along at a most extraordinary rate, (in defiance of their utmost exertions to detain him) and succeeded more than once in kicking Bran off. But he became at length exhausted—the dogs succeeded in pulling him down, and though he made several attempts to rise, he never completely regained his legs.

“On coming up, we found him perfectly dead, with the joints of both his forelegs dislocated at the knee, his throat perforated, and his chest and flanks much lacerated.

“As the ground was perfectly smooth for a considerable distance round the place where he fell, and not in any degree swampy, it is difficult to account for the dislocation of his knees, unless it happened during his struggles to rise. Buskar was perfectly exhausted, and had lain down, shaking from head to foot much like a broken down horse, but on our approaching the deer, he rose, walked round him with a determined growl, and would scarcely permit us to get near him. He had not, however, received any cut or injury, while Bran shewed several bruises, nearly a square inch having been taken off the front

of his fore leg, so that the bone was visible, and a piece of burnt heather had passed quite through his foot.

“ Nothing could exceed the determined courage displayed by both dogs, particularly by Buskar, throughout the chase, and especially in preserving his hold, though dragged by the deer in a most violent manner.”

It is hoped that this account of the high spirit and perseverance of the Scotch deer-hound will not be found uninteresting. It is, perhaps, the last remains of a noble race of dogs, the pride and companions of our ancestors, and for a long period in the history of this country, particularly in Ireland, the only dog used in the sports of the field. When we consider the great courage, combined with the most perfect gentleness of this animal, his gigantic, picturesque and graceful form, it must be a subject of regret that the breed is likely to become extinct. Where shall we find dogs possessing such a combination of fine and noble qualities?

I am indebted to a charming, clever, and well known Authoress, for her recollections of an Irish

wolf-dog and his master, and I cannot do better than give the communication she sent me in her own words.

“ When I was a child, I had a very close friendship with a genuine old wolf-dog, Bruno by name. He was the property of an old friend of my grandmother’s, who claimed descent from the Irish Kings. His name was O’Toole. His manners were the most courtly you can imagine, as they might well be, for he had spent much time and fortune at the French court, when Marie Antoinette was in her prime and beauty. His visits were my jubilees ;— there was the kind, dignified old gentleman, who told me tales— there was his tall, gaunt dog, grey with age, and yet with me full of play, and there were two rough terriers, whom Bruno kept in admirable order. He managed the little one, by simply placing his paw upon it when it was too frisky ; but Vixen, the large one, like many ladies had a will of her own, and entertained some idea of being mistress. Bruno would bear a good deal from her, giving, however, now and then a low, deep growl ; but when provoked too much, he would quietly lift the dog off the ground

by the strength of his jaws, (his teeth were gone) stand with her in his mouth at the doors until they were opened, and then deposit her, half strangled as she was, in a nettle bed some distance from the house. The dog's discrimination was curious. If Vixen was thrown upon him, or if we forced her to insult him, he never punished her; but, if she of her own accord teased him more than his patience could bear, the punishment was certain to follow.

“O'Toole and his dogs always occupied the same room, the terriers being on the bed with their master. No entreaty, however, ever induced Bruno to sleep on anything softer than stone. He would remove the hearth rug and lay on the marble. His master used to instance the dog's disdain of luxury as a mark of his noble nature.

“I should not omit to tell you, as characteristic of my old friend, that O'Toole was proud, and never would submit to be called ‘Mr.’ Meeting one day Lord Arne in Dame Street, Dublin, while the old man was followed by his three wolf dogs, of which Bruno was the last, the young nobleman, who had also his followers in the shape of ‘Parliament

men,' said to the descendant of Irish kings, nodding to him familiarly at the same time, 'how do you do *Mr. O'Toole.*' The old man paused, drew himself up, lifted his hat, made his courtly bow, and answered, — '*O'Toole salutes Arne.*' I can recall nothing more picturesque than that majestic old gentleman and his dog, both remnants of a bygone age. Bruno was rough, but not long coated, very grave, observant, enduring every one, very fond of children, playing with them gently, but only crouching and fawning on his master, and that O'Toole would say, 'is a proof of my royal blood.' I could fill a volume with memoirs of that fine old man. He was more than six feet in height, and his dog always sat with his head on his master's knee."

This is altogether a pretty picture, and I now beg to offer the fair and kind authoress my thanks for it.

The following interesting anecdote, related by Mr. Carr in his "*Stranger in Ireland,*" there can be no doubt, I think, refers to the Irish wolf-dog. Mr. Carr says that while on his journey to Ireland, "he wandered to a little church, which owed its elevation

to the following circumstance. Llewelyn the Great, who resided near the base of Snowdon, had a beautiful dog named Gelert, which had been presented to him by King John, in 1205. One day, in consequence of the faithful animal, who at night always ‘sentinelled his master’s bed,’ not making his appearance in the chase, Llewelyn returned home very angry, and met the dog, covered with blood, at the door of the chamber of his child. Upon entering it, he found the bed overturned, and the coverlet stained with gore. He called to his boy, but receiving no answer, he rashly concluded that he had been killed by Gelert, and in his anguish instantly thrust his sword through the poor animal’s body.” The Hon. Robert Spencer has beautifully told the remainder of the story.

“ His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,

No pity could impart ;

But still his Gelert’s dying yell

Passed heavy on his heart.

Arous’d by Gelert’s dying yell,

Some slumb’rer waken’d nigh :

What words the parent’s joy could tell,

To hear his infant’s cry ?

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread :

But the same couch beneath,

Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,

Tremendous still in death.

Ah ! what was then Llewelyn's pain ?

For now the truth was clear ;

His gallant hound the wolf had slain,

To save Llewelyn's heir."

" In order to mitigate his offence, Llewelyn built this chapel, and raised a tomb to poor Gelert, and the spot to this day is called *Beth Gelert*, or the Grave of Gelert." One delights in these traditions of noble dogs. A reference has been made to it by the Author of an article in the Irish Penny Journal, already quoted.

I should not omit to mention that in Mr. Windle's account of Cork, Kerry, &c. there is the following notice of the wolf and Irish wolf-dog.

The last wolf seen in Ireland was killed in the neighbourhood of Annascuit, near Dingle, in 1710. The place is still known by the name of the wolf's step. The Irish called the wolf-dog *Sagh cliun*, and old Campion, speaking of the Irish, says,—“ they

are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limne than a colt."

This noble animal is also described as "similar in shape to a greyhound, larger than a mastiff, and tractable as a spaniel."

The following fact will serve to prove that the deer hound is possessed of a fine sense of smelling, a circumstance which has been doubted by many persons.

The head keeper of Richmond Park, is possessed of a famous old deer-hound bitch, remarkable for her sagacity, and for having taken five bucks in one day. After a battue in the Park this winter, 1845, he directed one of the under-keepers to look the ground carefully over, which had been shot over the day before. He was accompanied by the old dog who was to act as retriever. She came to a point in one of the covers as was her custom when she found a rabbit, but the keeper, finding that it was a hare, called her off. After going some distance, the dog went back and pointed the hare a second time. The keeper put her up, and then found that she had been wounded, having had her hind leg broken. Here the fine sense of smelling was the more remarkable, as this old dog

will not look at a hare, or indeed can she be induced to run after one.

One of her progeny ran a wounded buck into the large pond in the Park, swam after it, killed it in the water, and then seizing it by the foot, swam with it to the shore.

Having now given my reader all the information I can gather on this dog of bygone times, I will gratify him with a letter I have received from a lady whose name is dear to Ireland and highly placed in the ranks of English Literature.

“DEAR SIR,

I am much flattered by your compliment to my national erudition, a very scanty stock in my best of times, and now nearly used up, in ‘furnishing forth’ the pages of many an idle tale, worked out in the ‘Irish Interest,’ as the mouse nibbled at the lion’s net,—the same presumption, if not with the same results! However, I will rub up my old ‘*Shanaos*,’ as Elizabeth said of her Latin, and endeavour to recollect the little I have ever known on the subject of the Irish wolf-dog.

Natural history is too much a matter of fact, to

have ever interested the poetic temperament of the Irish; Schools of Poetry, Heraldry and Music, were opened, (say the Irish Historians) ‘time immemorial.’ St. Patrick found the Academies of Lismore and Ardmagh in a flourishing condition, when he arrived on his great mission, and the more modern College of Clonard (founded in the fifth century by Bishop Finnan) had a great reputation for its learning and learned Professors. But it does not appear that there was any Chair of Natural History or Philosophy, in these Scholastic Seminaries. Their Transactions recorded the miracles of Saints, rather than the miracles of nature. And had some daring Cuvier, or enterprising Lyell, or Murchison, opened those spacious cabinets, once

‘ In the deep bosom of the Ocean buried,’

or entombed in mountain layers for unnumbered ages, the Druid Priests would probably have immolated the daring naturalist under his highest oak; Is it quite sure that the Prior of Armagh, or the Founder of the Royal Academy of Clonard, the good Saint Finnan himself, would have served them much

better? Certain, however, it is that the Druids, Bards Filiachs, Senachies and Saints of Ireland, who left such mighty reputations behind them for learning, have not dropt one word on the subject of the natural history of their 'Isle of Song' — and though they may have dabbled a little in that prosaic pursuit, they probably soon discovered its perilous tendency, and sang with the last and most charming of Irish Bards,

——— 'No, Science, to you,

We have long bade a last and careless adieu.'

Nearly two thousand years after the foundation of the most learned Academies of Ireland, a pretty little Zoological Garden was opened in the capital of the country, but no living type of the Irish wolf-dog is to be found there, nor were any 'fossil remains' of the noble animal discovered in the Wicklow Mines,* which were worked some fifty years back, but which for want of Capital or perseverance only furnished a

* I fear this is a sad Geological Anachronism, however, I cannot but hope that the Irish wolf-dog will yet be found in some cavern, associated with the prototypes of Ireland's earliest heroes who peopled the land soon after it emerged from the deep,

'Great glorious and free,

First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.'

few Cronobane halfpence, and materials for a musical farce to one of the most delightful farcical Irish writers of his time,* for in Ireland,

‘ Tout finis par un chanson,’

(as Figaro had it, of the France of his age,) when worse results do not follow disappointment.

The Irish wolf-dog therefore, it may be asserted, belongs to the poetical traditions of Ireland, or to its remote Milesian Histories. “Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, and others the immediate posterity of Noah, after the dispersion of mankind at Babel, ventured (it is said) to ‘commit themselves by ships upon the sea,’ to search out the unknown corners of the world, and thus found out a western land called Ireland.”—(Dr. Warner.)

It is probable they were the first to disturb its tranquillity, by the introduction of wolves, a fragment of the menagerie of the Ark; for all noxious and destructive animals and reptiles were brought into Ireland by her invaders. The soil and clime of the ‘woody Morven,’ however, though not genial to their

* O’Keefe—“Wicklow Gold Mines.”

naturalization, — was long a prey to one of the most ferocious animals imported by foreign aggression to increase and multiply. Ireland swarmed with wolves, and its Colonists and Aborigines, would in time have alike shared the fate of, ‘little Red Riding Hood,’ when lo, up started the noble *Canis familiaris Hibernicus*, which, greatly improved by a cross with the wolf itself, was found everywhere in fierce antagonism with foreign ferocity; and for his eminent services was not only speedily adopted by patriot kings and heroes, as part of their courtly and warlike parade, but sung by bards and immortalized by poets, as worthy of such illustrious companionship. It is thus Bran the famous and beloved hound of Fingal has become as immortal as his master, and a track is still shewn on a mountain in Tyrone, near New Town Stuart, ealled ‘The track of the Foot of Bran, the Hound of Fionne Mac Cumhall.’ So much for poetry and tradition. Modern naturalists however, in their Animal Biography, and prosaic view of things, have assigned the introduction of the wolf-dog in Ireland to the Danes, who brought it over in their first invasion; and its resemblance to ‘Le Gros Danois’ of Buffon, favours the

supposition. 'When Ireland swarmed with wolves,' says Pennant, 'these dogs were confined to the chase, but as soon as these animals were extirpated, the number of the dogs decreased, and from that period were kept chiefly for state.' Goldsmith mentions having only seen in his time in Ireland one Irish wolf-hound that was four feet high. And though the father of the late Marquis of Sligo endeavoured to preserve the breed, his kennels in latter years exhibited but a scanty specimen. These majestic and beautiful animals are now, I believe, quite extinct in Ireland, where their scarcity is accounted for by Mr. Pennant as 'the consequence of the late King of Poland having procured from thence by his agents as many as could be purchased.' The last notice taken of the Irish wolf-dog in fictitious narrative may, I believe, be found in one of my own national novels 'O'Donnell,' where the hero and his hound are first introduced to the reader together; I borrowed the picture, as I gave it, from living originals, which in my earliest youth struck forcibly on my imagination, in the person of the celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan, accompanied by his Irish hound, Bran!

This is all I know or can recollect of my noble and beautiful compatriot; but I remember that when some writer in Frazer's Magazine, styled me, 'that Irish she wolf-dog,' I felt complimented by the epithet, since to attack the enemies of Ireland, and to worry, when they could not destroy them, was the peculiar attribute of the species.

I have the honour to be dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

SYDNEY MORGAN."

William Street, Albert Gate.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

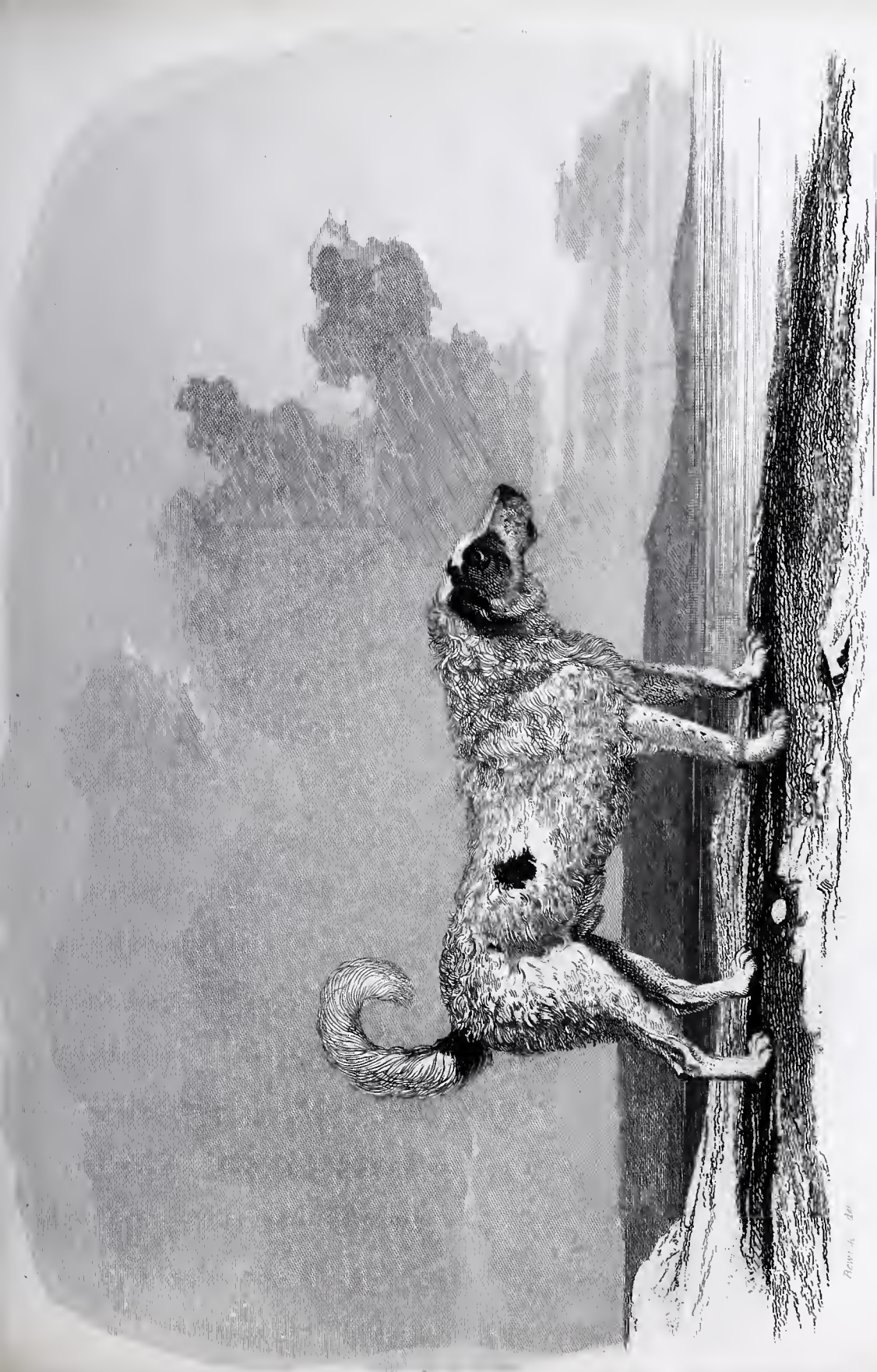
“ Nor will it less delight th’attentive sage,
T’observe that instinct which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason’s lore,
And oft transcends.”—

SOMERVILLE.

“ The dog whom nothing can mislead
Must be a dog of parts indeed.
Is often wiser than his master.”—

SOMERVILLE.

THIS noble dog may be justly styled the friend and guardian of his master. I had some doubts in making out my list of dogs, whether he ought not to take precedence of all others, but after duly weighing the matter in my own mind, I have given the palm to the Irish Wolf-hound, and the honest Newfoundland immediately follows him. I not only think that this precedence will gratify some of my friends in Ireland, who have called upon me to do justice to one of their favourite and national emblems, but it is, perhaps, due in strict justice to an animal, who proved himself



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

so great a benefactor to his native Country. There is, moreover, such a degree of romance attached to the recollection of his fine qualities and imposing appearance, that I should be sorry to lessen them by appearing to give the preference to any other dog. At the same time I may be allowed to add, that I have seen such courage, perseverance and fidelity in the Newfoundland dog, and am acquainted with so many well authenticated facts of his more than ordinary sense and utility, that I think him entitled to be considered as little inferior to the Irish Wolf-dog.

When we reflect on the docility of the Newfoundland dog, his affectionate disposition, his aptitude in receiving instruction and his instantaneous sense of impending danger, we shall no longer wonder at his being called the friend of his master, whom he is at all times ready to defend at the risk of his own life.—And how noble is his appearance, and at the same time how serene is his countenance!

“ Sa fierté, sa beauté, sa jeunesse agréable
Le fit cherir de vous, et il est redoutable
A vos fiers ennemis par sa courage —”

No animal, perhaps, can shew more real courage

than this dog. His perseverance in what he undertakes is so great, that he never relinquishes an attempt which has been enjoined him as long as there is a chance of success. I allude more particularly to storms at sea and consequent shipwreck, when his services, his courage and indefatigable exertions have been truly wonderful. Numerous persons have been saved from a watery grave by these dogs, and ropes have been conveyed by them from a sinking ship to the shore amidst foaming billows, by which means whole crews have been saved from destruction. Their feet are particularly well adapted to enable them to swim, being webbed very much like those of a duck, and they are at all times ready to plunge into the water to save a human being from drowning. Some dogs delight in following a fox, others in hunting the hare, or killing vermin. The delight of the Newfoundland dog appears to be in the preservation of the lives of the human race. A story is related on good authority of one of these dogs being in the habit, when he saw persons swimming in the Seine at Paris, of seizing them and bringing them to the shore. In the immediate neighbourhood of this place (Windsor) a ser-

vant was saved from drowning by a Newfoundland dog, who seized him by the collar of his coat when he was almost exhausted, and brought him to the banks, where some of the family were assembled watching with great anxiety the exertions of the noble animal.

Those who have been much at Windsor, a few years ago, must have seen a fine Newfoundland dog, called Baby, reposing occasionally in front of the White Hart Hotel. Baby was a general favourite and he deserved to be so, for he was mild in his disposition, brave as a lion, and very sensible. When he was thirsty, and could not procure water at the pump in the yard, he has frequently been seen to go to the stable, fetch an empty bucket, and stand with it in his mouth at the pump till some one came for water. He then by wagging his tail and expressive looks, made his want known, and had his bucket filled. Exposed as Baby was to the attacks of all sorts of curs, as he slumbered in the sun in the front of the Hotel, he seemed to think that a pat with his powerful paw was quite sufficient punishment for them, but he never tamely submitted to insult from a dog approaching

his own size, and his courage was only equalled by his gentleness.

The following anecdote, which is well authenticated, shews the sagacity as well as the kindness of disposition of these dogs. In the city of Worcester, one of the principal streets leads by a gentle declivity to the river Severn. One day a child in crossing the street fell down in the middle of it, and a horse and cart, which were descending the hill, would have passed over it, had not a Newfoundland dog rushed to the rescue of the child, caught it up in his mouth, and conveyed it in safety to the foot pavement.

My kind friend, Mr. T—— took a Newfoundland dog and a small spaniel into a boat with him on the river Thames, and when he got into the middle of the river, he turned them into the water. They swam different ways, but the spaniel got into the current, and after struggling some time, was in danger of being drowned. As soon as the Newfoundland dog perceived the predicament of his companion, he swam to his assistance, and brought him safe to the shore.

A vessel went down in a gale of wind near Liverpool, and every one on board perished. A Newfound-

land dog was seen swimming about the place where the vessel was lost for some time, and at last came on shore very much exhausted. For three days he swam off to the same spot, and was evidently trying to find his lost master, so strong was his affection.

I have always been pleased with that charming remark of Mr. Landseer, that the Newfoundland dog was "a distinguished Member of the Humane Society." How delightfully has that distinguished Artist portrayed the character of dogs in his pictures, and what justice has he done to their noble qualities! We see in them honesty, fidelity, courage and sense—no exaggeration—no flattery. He makes us feel that his dogs will love us without selfishness, and defend us at the risk of their own lives. That though friends may forsake us, they never will—and that in misfortune, poverty and death, their affection will be unchanged, and their gratitude unceasing. But to return to the Newfoundland dog, and we shall again find him acting his part as a Member of the Humane Society.

A gentleman bathing in the sea at Portsmouth, was in the greatest danger of being drowned. Assistance was loudly called for, but no boat was ready, and

though many persons were looking on, no one could be found to go to his help. In this predicament, a Newfoundland dog rushed into the sea and conveyed the gentleman in safety to land. He afterwards purchased the dog for a large sum, treated him as long as he lived with gratitude and kindness, and had the following words worked on his table-cloths and napkins—" *Virum extuli mari.*"

A person in crossing a plank at a mill, fell into the stream at night, and was saved by his Newfoundland dog, and who afterwards recovered his hat, which had fallen from his head, and was floating down the stream.

There can be no doubt but that dogs calculate, and almost reason. A dog who had been in the habit of stealing from a kitchen, which had two doors opening into it, would never do so if one of them was shut, as he was afraid of being caught. If both the doors were open, his chance of escape was greater, and he therefore seized what he could. This sort of calculation, if I may call it is so, was shewn by a Newfoundland bitch. She had suckled two whelps until they were able to take care of themselves. They were, however, constantly following and disturbing her in

order to be suckled, when she had little or no milk to give them. She was confined in a shed, which was separated from another by a wooden partition some feet high. Into this shed she conveyed her puppies, and left them there while she returned to the other to enjoy a night's rest unmolested. This shews that the animal was capable of reflecting to a degree beyond what would have been the result of mere instinct.

I am indebted to the late amiable Lord Stowell for the following anecdote.

Mr. Poynder, the brother to the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, brought home with him from Newfoundland a dog, a native of that country. This animal had established a strong claim on his master's affection, from the circumstance of his having twice saved his life by his sagacity in finding the road home, when Mr. Poynder had lost his way in snow-storms, many miles from any shelter. He had also swam more than three miles to gain the ship, after his master had embarked for England, and determined to leave the animal to the care of friends in Newfoundland. Mr. Poynder landed at Blackwall and took the dog in a coach to his father's house at Clapham. He was there placed in a stable,

which he did not leave till the second day after his arrival, when he accompanied his master in a close carriage to Christ's Hospital. He left the carriage in Newgate Street, and proceeded through the passage leading to the Treasurer's house. Not being able to gain admittance at the garden entrance, Mr. Poynder went round to the front door, and thinks he left the dog at the garden entrance, for he did not recollect seeing him afterwards. In the hurry and excitement of meeting his friends, he for a few minutes forgot his dog, but the moment he recollected himself he went in search of him. He was no where to be seen, and his master hastened to prepare his description and to offer a reward in the public papers. Early, however, next morning a letter arrived from the Captain of the ship, in which Mr. Poynder had sailed from Newfoundland, informing him that the dog was safe on board, having swam to the vessel early on the previous day. On comparing the time at which he arrived, with that when he was missing, it appeared that he must have gone directly through the city from Christ's Hospital to Wapping, where he took to the water.

Every particular has been faithfully given of this extraordinary occurrence. Here we see a dog, brought for the first time from Newfoundland, and who can scarcely be said to have put his feet on ground in England, not only finding his way through a crowded city to the banks of the river, but also finding the ship he wanted in that river, and in which he evidently thought he should discover his lost master. It is an instance of sense of so peculiar a kind that it is difficult to define it, or the faculty which enables animals to find their way to a place, over ground which they had not previously traversed.

I once saw many years ago, a horse belonging to a Quarter Master in the 1st Dragoon Guards, when the regiment was quartered at Ipswich, find a shilling, which was covered with saw-dust in the riding school at the Cavalry Barracks at that place, and give it to his owner. I thought this a wonderful instance of sagacity as well as docility, but how very far does this fall short of the intellectual faculty of dogs. I do not intend to assert that they are endowed with mental powers equal to those which the human race possess, but to contend that there is not a faculty of

the human mind of which some evident proofs of its existence may not be found in dogs. Thus we find them possessed of memory, imagination, the powers of imitation, curiosity, cunning, revenge, ingenuity, gratitude, devotion, or affection, and other qualities. They are able to communicate their wants, their pleasures, and their pains, their apprehensions of danger, and their prospects of future good, by modulating their voices accordingly, and by significant gestures. They perfectly comprehend our wishes, and live with us as friends and companions. When the fear of man, and dread of him were inflicted as a curse on the animal creation, the dog-kind alone seems an exception, and their sagacity and fidelity to the human race was an incalculable blessing bestowed upon them. These remarks are fully borne out in a very interesting article on the Dog in the Quarterly Review of September, 1843.

I have mentioned that revenge had been shewn by dogs, and the following is an instance of it. A gentleman was staying at Worthing, where his Newfoundland dog was teased and annoyed by a small cur, which snapped and barked at him. This he bore, without

appearing to notice it for some time, but at last the Newfoundland dog seemed to lose his usual patience and forbearance, and he one day in the presence of several spectators, took the cur up by his back, swam with it into the sea, held it under the water, and would probably have drowned it, had not a boat been put off and rescued it. There was another instance communicated to me. A fine Newfoundland dog had been constantly annoyed by a small spaniel. The former, seizing the opportunity when they were on a terrace under which a river flowed, took up the spaniel in his mouth, and dropped it over the parapet into the river.

Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and strongly shews the sense, and I am almost inclined to add, reason of the Newfoundland dog.

A friend of mine while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water, when they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent the dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several at-

tempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time.

A gentleman had a pointer and Newfoundland dog which were great friends. The former broke his leg, and was confined to a kennel. During that time, the Newfoundland never failed bringing bones and other food to the pointer, and would sit for hours together by the side of his suffering friend.

During a period of very hot weather, the Mayor of Plymouth gave orders that all dogs found wandering in the public streets, should be secured by the police, and removed to the prison-yard. Among them was a Newfoundland dog belonging to a shipowner of the port, who, with several others, was tied up in the yard. The Newfoundland soon gnawed the rope which confined him, and then hearing the cries of his companions to be released, he set to work to gnaw the ropes which confined them, and had succeeded in three or four instances, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the jailor.

A nearly similar case has frequently occurred in

the Cumberland Gardens, Windsor Great Park. Two dogs of the Newfoundland breed are confined in kennels at that place. When one of them is let loose, he has been frequently seen to set his companion free.

A boatman once plunged into the water to swim with another man for a wager. His Newfoundland dog, mistaking the purpose, and supposing that his master was in danger, plunged after him, and dragged him to the shore by his hair, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Bewick mentions an instance which shews the extraordinary sagacity of these dogs.

In a severe storm, a ship was lost off Yarmouth, and no living creature escaped, except a Newfoundland dog, which swam to the shore with the Captain's pocket-book in his mouth. Several of the bystanders attempted to take it from him, but he would not part with it. At length, selecting one person from the crowd, whose appearance probably pleased him, he leaped against his breast in a fawning manner, and delivered the book to his care.

After mentioning this anecdote it will not be displeasing to read Lord Grenville's lines on his faith-

ful Newfoundland, as they may now be seen at Dropmore, with a translation of them.

TIPPO.

IN VILLA.

Tippo ego hic jaceo, lapidem ne sperne, viator,

Qui tali impositus stat super ossa cani.

Larga mi natura manu dedit omnia, nostrum

Quæcunque exornant nobilitantque genus :

Robur erat validum, formæ concinna venustas,

Ingenui mores, intemerata fides.

Nec pudet invisi nomen gessisse tyranni,

Si tam dissimili viximus ingenio.

Naufragus in nuda Tenbeia* ejectus arena,

Ploravi domino me superesse meo,

Quem mihi, luctanti frustra, frustra que juvanti,

Abreptum, oceani in gurgite mersit hyems.

Solus ego sospes, sed quas miser ille tabellas

Morte mihi in media credidit, ore ferens.

Dulci me hospitio Belgæ excepere coloni,

Ipsa etiam his olim gens aliena plagis ;

Et mihi gratum erat in longa spatariet† ora,

Et quanquam infido membra lavare mari ;

* Tenbeia portus est Cambriæ meridionalis, ubi Belgarum colonia a rege, ut fertur, Henrico primo locata est. Horum posterius a circumjacente Celticæ originis populo lingua etiam nunc omnino discrepant.

† Infinitivo, quem vocant, hoc in *ier* desinente solus credo, inter, melioris notæ,

Gratum erat æstivis puerorum adjungere turmis
 Participem lusus me, comitemque viæ.
 Verum ubi, de multis captanti frustula mensis,
 Bruma aderat, senique hora timenda mei,
 Insperata adeo illuxit fortuna, novique
 Perfugium et requiem cura dedit domini.
 Exinde hos saltus, hæc inter florea rura,
 Et vixi felix, et tumultum hunc habeo.

TIPPO.

Translated by a young Lady a near relation of the Author.

Here stranger pause, nor view with scornful eyes
 The stone which marks where faithful Tippo lies.
 Freely kind nature gave each liberal grace,
 Which most ennobles and exalts our race,
 Excelling strength and beauty joined in me,
 Ingenuous worth, and firm fidelity.
 Nor shame I to have borne a tyrant's name,
 So far unlike to his my spotless fame.
 Cast by a fatal storm on Tenby's coast,
 Reckless of life, I wailed my master lost,
 Whom long contending with the o'erwhelming wave
 In vain with fruitless love I strove to save.

quos habemus, elegorum scriptores usus est Catullus: sed qualis ille Poeta! sed
 quantus in omni genere Latini carminis et artifex elegantiae et magister!

I, only I, alas ! surviving bore,
His dying trust, his tablets* to the shore.
Kind welcome from the Belgian race I found,
Who, once in times remote, to British ground
Strangers like me came from a foreign strand.
I loved at large along the extended sand
To roam, and oft beneath the swelling wave,
Tho' known so fatal once, my limbs to lave ;
Or join the children in their summer play,
First in their sports, companion of their way.
Thus while from many a hand a meal I sought
Winter and age had certain misery brought ;
But Fortune smiled, a safe and blest abode
A new found master's generous love bestowed,
And midst these shades, where smiling flow'rets bloom,
Gave me a happy life and honoured tomb.

The following anecdote affords another proof of the noble disposition of the Newfoundland dog, and is given by Dr. Abell in one of his lectures on phrenology. It is also mentioned by Mr. Youatt, who has so well advocated the cause of animals and to whom I am indebted for some other anecdotes.

This dog had been constantly annoyed in the streets

* His master's pocket-book, with which Tippto, the only living creature saved from the wreck, came ashore.

of Cork by little noisy curs, of whom, however, he took no notice. One of them was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of his leg. This was a degree of insult which could not be patiently endured, and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of his neck. In this manner he carried him to the quay, and holding him for some time over the water at length dropped the cur into it. He did not, however, design that the culprit should have too severe a punishment, for after the offender had been well ducked and was struggling in the water, the generous Newfoundland plunged in and brought him safe to land.

I may add the following instance of sagacity from the same quarter.

A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The

intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprung into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means, a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved.

The keeper of a ferry on the banks of the Severn, had a sagacious Newfoundland dog. If a dog was left behind by his owner in crossing and was afraid of taking to the water, the Newfoundland dog has been frequently known to take the yelping animal in his mouth and convey it into the river. A person while rowing a boat, pushed his Newfoundland dog into the stream. The animal followed the boat for some time, till probably finding himself fatigued, he endeavoured

to get into it by placing his feet on the side. His owner repeatedly pushed the dog away, and in one of his efforts to do so, he overbalanced himself and fell into the river, and would probably have been drowned, had not the noble and generous animal immediately seized and held him above water till assistance arrived from the shore.

The following anecdote will prove the extraordinary sagacity of these dogs. One of them, belonging to a grocer, had observed one of the porters of the house, and who was often in the shop, frequently take money from the till, and which the man was in the habit of concealing in the stable. The dog, having witnessed these thefts, became restless, pulling persons by the skirts of their coats, and apparently wishing them to follow him. At length, an apprentice had occasion to go to the stable, the dog followed him, and having drawn his attention to the heap of rubbish under which the money was buried, began to scratch till he had brought the booty to view. The apprentice brought it to his master, who marked the money and restored it to the place where it had been hidden. Some of the marked money was soon

afterwards found on the porter, who was taken before a magistrate, and convicted of the theft.

The great utility and sagacity of the Newfoundland dog, in cases of drowning, were shewn in the following instance. Eleven sailors, a woman and the waterman had reached a sloop of war in Hamoaze in a shore boat. One of the sailors, stooping rather suddenly over the side of the boat to reach his hat, which had fallen into the sea, the boat upset, and they were all plunged into the water. A Newfoundland dog, on the quarter deck of the sloop, seeing the accident, instantly leaped amongst the unfortunate persons, and seizing one man by the collar of his coat, he supported his head above water until a boat had hastened to the spot and saved the lives of all, but the waterman. After delivering his burthen in safety, the noble animal made a wide circuit round the ship in search of another person, but not finding one, he took up an oar in his mouth which was floating away, and brought it to the side of the ship.

A sailor, attended by a Newfoundland dog, became so intoxicated, that he fell on the pavement in Piccadilly, and was unable to rise, and soon fell asleep.

The faithful dog took a position at his master's head, and resisted every attempt made to remove him. The man, having at last slept off the fumes of his intoxicating libations, awoke, and being told of the care his dog had taken of him, exclaimed—"this is not the first time he has kept watch over me."

Mr. Bewick in his history of Quadrupeds, mentions some instances of the sagacity and intellect of Newfoundland dogs, and it may not be uninteresting to the admirers of that celebrated wood-engraver to be informed, on the authority of his daughters, that the group on the bridge in the Print of the Newfoundland dog represents—Mr. Preston, a Printer of Newcastle, Mr. Vint, of Whittingham, Mr. Bell, House Steward, and Mr. Bewick. Their initials P. V. B. and B. are introduced in the wood-cut. The dog was drawn at Eslington, the seat of Mr. Liddell, the eldest son of Lord Ravensworth.

In Newfoundland, this dog is invaluable, and answers the purpose of a horse. He is docile, capable of strong attachment, and is easy to please in the quality of his food, as he will live on scraps of boiled fish, either salted or fresh, and on boiled potatoes and

cabbage. The natural colour of this dog is black, with the exception of a very few white spots. Their sagacity is sometimes so extraordinary, as on many occasions to make it appear that they only want the faculty of speech to make themselves fully understood.

The Rev. L. Anspach, in his history of the Island of Newfoundland, mentions some instances of this intelligence.

One of the Magistrates of Harbour-Grace, the late Mr. Garland, had an old dog, who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow him. If his master was absent from home, on the lantern being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, "Go, fetch your master," he would immediately set off and proceed directly to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from the place of his master's residence. He would then stop at the door of every house, which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and, laying down his lantern, would growl and strike the door, making all the noise in his power until it

was opened. If his master was not there, he would proceed further until he had found him. If he accompanied him only once into a house, it was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

The principal use of this animal in Newfoundland, in addition to his qualities as a good watch dog and a faithful companion, is to assist in fetching from the woods the *lumber* intended either for repairing the fish stages, or for fuel, and this is done by dragging it on the snow or ice, or else on sledges, the dog being tackled to it.

These animals seldom bark, and only when strongly provoked. They are not quarrelsome, but treat the smaller species with a great degree of patience and forbearance. They will defend their masters on seeing the least appearance of an attack on his person. The well known partiality of these dogs for the water, in which they appear as if in their proper element, diving and keeping their heads under the surface for a considerable time, seems to give them some connection with the class of amphibious animals. At the same time, the several instances of their superior sagacity, and the essential services which they have been fre-

quently known to render to humanity, give them a distinguished rank in the scale of the brute creation. I will mention another instance of this.

A small vessel, having a Newfoundland dog on board, was driven in a gale of wind on a part of the coast of Norfolk, and the lives of the crew were in the greatest danger, as no assistance could be given them from the shore. In this extremity, a rope was put into the dog's mouth, and after contending with the waves for a long time he landed with it, and was thus the means of saving the lives of the ship's company.

Some dogs are of an extremely jealous disposition, and the following extraordinary instance of it was communicated to me by Mr. Charles Davis, the well known and highly respected huntsman of Her Majesty's stag hounds, one who has gained many friends, and perhaps never lost one, by his well-regulated conduct and sporting qualifications.

He informed me that a friend of his had a fine Newfoundland dog, who was a great favourite with the family. While this dog was confined in the yard, a pet lamb was given to one of the children, and which the former soon discovered to be sharing a great por-

tion of those caresses, which he had been in the habit of receiving. This circumstance produced so great an effect on the poor animal, that he fretted, and became extremely unwell, and refused to eat. Thinking that exercise might be of use to him, he was let loose. No sooner was this done, than the dog watched his opportunity, and seized the lamb in his mouth. He was seen conveying it down a lane, about a quarter of a mile from his master's house, at the bottom of which the river Thames flowed. On arriving at it, he held the lamb under water till it was drowned, and thus effectually got rid of his rival. On examining the lamb, it did not appear to have been bitten, or otherwise injured, and it might almost be supposed that the dog had chosen the easiest death in removing the object of his dislike.

The sense of these animals is, indeed, perfectly wonderful. A Lieutenant in the Navy informed me, that while his ship was under sail in the Mediterranean, a favourite canary bird escaped from its cage, and flew into the sea. A Newfoundland dog on board witnessed the circumstance, immediately jumped into the sea, and swam to the bird, which he seized in

his mouth, and then swam back with it to the ship. On arriving on board and opening the dog's mouth, it was found that the bird was perfectly uninjured, so tenderly had it been treated, as though the dog had been aware that the slightest pressure would have destroyed it.

Mr. Youatt, whose remarks on the usefulness and good qualities of the inferior animals does him so much credit, gives the following anecdote as a proof of the reasoning power of a Newfoundland dog.

Wanting one day to go through a tall iron gate, from one part of his premises to another, he found a lame puppy lying just within it, so that he could not get in without rolling the poor animal over, and perhaps injuring it. Mr. Youatt stood for awhile hesitating what to do, and at length determined to go round through another gate. A fine Newfoundland dog, however, who had been waiting patiently for his wonted caresses, and perhaps wondering why his master did not get in as usual, looked accidentally down at his lame companion. He comprehended the whole business in a moment—put down his great paw, and as gently and quickly as possible rolled the

invalid out of the way, and then drew himself back in order to leave room for the opening of the gate.

We may be inclined to deny reasoning faculties to dogs, but if this was not reason, it may be difficult to define what else it could be.

Mr. Youatt also informs us, that he once had a Newfoundland dog, as thoroughly attached to him as these faithful creatures generally are to those who treat them with kindness. As it became inconvenient to him to keep this dog, he gave it to one whom he knew would treat it well. Four years passed and he had not seen him, when walking towards Kingston one day, he met Carlo and his master at the brow of the well known hill, where Abershaw's gibbet then stood. The dog, notwithstanding the length of time, immediately recollected and fondled his old master. After talking together a short time, his present owner proceeded towards Wandsworth, and Carlo, as in duty bound, followed him. Mr. Youatt had not, however, got half away down the hill, when the dog was at his side, growling lowly but deeply, and every hair bristling. On looking about, two ill looking fellows were making their way through the bushes, which then occupied the

angular space between the Roehampton and Wandsworth roads, and whose intention to rob was scarcely questionable. On seeing the dog and hearing his then loud growls, they retreated. After accompanying Mr. Youatt to the bottom of the hill, and after a mutual greeting, the faithful and sensible animal bounded away in order to overtake his master.

It is pleasing to record such instances of kindness in a brute. Here we see a recollection of, and gratitude for, previous good treatment, and that towards one whom the dog had not seen for four years. There is a sort of bewilderment in the human mind, when we come to analyze the feelings, affections, and peculiar instinctive faculties of dogs. A French writer (Mons. Blaze) has asserted, that the dog most undoubtedly has all the qualities of a man possessed of good feeling, and adds that man has not the fine qualities of the dog. We make a virtue of that gratitude which is nothing more than a duty incumbent upon us, while it is an inherent quality in the dog;—

“ *Canis gratus est, et amicitiae memor.*”

We repudiate ingratitude, and yet every one is

more or less guilty of it. Indeed where shall we find the man who is free from it. Take, however, the first dog you meet with, and the moment he has adopted you for his master, from that moment you are sure of his gratitude and affection. He will love you without calculating what he shall gain by it—his greatest pleasure will be to be near you—and should you be reduced to beg your bread, no poverty will induce him to abandon you. Your friends may, and probably will, do so—the object of your love and attachment will not perhaps like to encounter poverty with you. Your wife by some possibility (it is a rare case, however, if she has received kind treatment) may forget her vows, but your dog will never leave you—he will either die at your feet, or if he should survive you, will accompany you to the grave.

An intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for some sensible remarks on the faculties of dogs, has remarked that large headed dogs are generally possessed with superior faculties to others. This fact favours the phrenological opinion that size of brain is evidence of superior power. He has a

dog possessing a remarkably large head and few dogs can match him in intelligence. He is a cross with the Newfoundland breed, and besides his cleverness in the field as a retriever, he shews his sagacity at home in the performance of several useful feats. One consists in carrying messages. If a neighbour is to be communicated with, the dog is always ready to be the bearer of a letter. He will take orders to the workmen who reside at a short distance from the house, and will scratch impatiently at their door when so employed, although at other times, desirous of sharing the warmth of their kitchen fire, he would wait patiently, and then entering with a seriousness befitting the imagined importance of his mission, would carefully deliver the note, never returning without having discharged his trust. His usefulness in recovering articles accidentally lost has often been proved. As he is not always allowed to be present at dinner, he will bring a hat, book, or anything he can find and hold it in his mouth as a sort of apology for his intrusion. He seems pleased at being allowed to lead his master's horse to the stable.

Newfoundland dogs may readily be taught to

rescue drowning persons. In France, this forms a part of their education, and they are now kept in readiness on the banks of the Seine, where they form a sort of Humane Society Corps. By throwing the stuffed figure of a man into a river, and requiring the dog to fetch it out, he is soon taught to do so when necessary, and thus he is able to rescue drowning persons. This hint might not be thrown away on our own excellent Humane Society.

Many dogs are called of the Newfoundland breed, who have but small relationship with that sensible animal. The St. John's and Labrador dogs are also very different from each other. The former is strong in his limbs, rough-haired, small in the head, and carries his tail very high. The other, by far the best for every kind of shooting, is oftener black than of another colour, and scarcely bigger than a pointer. He is made rather long in the head and nose, pretty deep in the chest, very fine in the legs, has short or smooth hair, does not carry his tail so much curled as the other, and is extremely quick and active in running, swimming or fighting. The St. John's breed of these dogs is chiefly used

on their native coast by fishermen. Their sense of smelling is scarcely to be credited. Their discrimination of scent, in following a wounded pheasant through a whole covert full of game, appears almost impossible.

The real Newfoundland dog may be broken into any kind of shooting, and, without additional instruction, is generally under such command, that he may be safely kept in, if required to be taken out with pointers. For finding wounded game of every description there is not his equal in the canine race, and he is a *sine quâ non* in the general pursuit of wild-fowl. These dogs should be treated gently, and much encouraged when required to do anything, as their faults are easily checked. If used roughly, they are apt to turn sulky. They will also recollect and avenge an injury. A traveller on horseback in passing through a small village in Cumberland, observed a Newfoundland dog reposing by the side of the road, and from mere wantonness gave him a blow with his whip. The animal made a violent rush at, and pursued him a considerable distance. Having to proceed through the same place the next journey,

which was about twelve months afterwards, and while in the act of leading his horse, the dog, no doubt recollecting his former assailant, instantly seized him by the boot, and bit his leg. Some persons, however, coming up, rescued him from further injury.

A gamekeeper had a Newfoundland dog which he used as a retriever. Shooting in a wood one day, he killed a pheasant, which fell at some distance, and he sent his dog for it. When half way to the bird, he suddenly returned, refusing to go beyond the place at which he had first stopped. This being an unusual circumstance, the man endeavoured more and more to enforce his command, which being unable to effect either by words or his whip, he at last, in a great passion, gave the dog a violent kick in the ribs, which laid it dead at his feet. He then proceeded to pick up the bird, and on returning from the spot, discovered a man concealed in the thicket. He immediately seized him, and upon examination, several snares were found on his person. This may be a useful hint to those who are apt to take violent measures with their dogs.

A gentleman who had a country house near London, discovered on arriving at it one day, that he had brought away a key, which would be wanted by his family in town. Having an intelligent Newfoundland dog, which had been accustomed to carry things, he sent him back with it. While passing with the key, the animal was attacked by a butcher's dog, against which he made no resistance, but got away from him. After safely delivering the key, he returned to rejoin his master, but stopped in the way at the butcher's shop, whose dog again sallied forth. The Newfoundland this time attacked him with a fury, which nothing but revenge could have inspired, nor did he quit the aggressor till he had killed him.

The following fact affords another proof of the extraordinary sagacity of these dogs.

A Newfoundland dog of the true breed was brought from that country, and given to a gentleman, who resided near Thames Street, in London. As he had no means of keeping the animal, except in close confinement, he sent him to a friend in Scotland by a Berwick Smack. When he arrived in Scotland, he took the first opportunity of escaping, and though he certainly

had never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back to his former residence on Fish-street-hill, but in so exhausted a state, that he could only express his joy at seeing his master, and then died.

So wonderful is the sense of these dogs, that I have heard of three instances in which they have voluntarily guarded the bed-chamber doors of their mistresses, during the whole night, in the absence of their masters, although on no other occasion did they approach them.

The Romans appear to have had a dog, which seems to have been very similar in character to our Newfoundland. In the Museum at Naples, there is an antique bronze, discovered amongst the ruins of Herculaneum, which represents two large dogs dragging from the sea some apparently drowned persons.

The following interesting fact affords another instance of the sagacity and good feeling of the Newfoundland dog.

About four years ago (1841) as a labourer, named Rake, in the Parish of Botley, near Southampton, was at work in a gravel-pit, the top stratum gave way, and he was buried up to his neck by the great quantity

of gravel which fell upon him. He was at the same time so much hurt, two of his ribs being broken, that he found it impossible to make any attempt to extricate himself from his perilous situation. Indeed nothing could be more fearful than the prospect before him. No one was within hearing of his cries, or was any one likely to come near the spot. He must almost inevitably have perished, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog belonging to his employer. This animal had been watching the man at his work for some days, as if he had been aware that his assistance would be required; for no particular attachment to each other had been exhibited on either side. As soon, however, as the accident occurred, the dog jumped into the pit, and commenced removing the gravel with his paws, and this he did in so vigorous and expeditious a manner, that the poor man was at length able to liberate himself, though with extreme difficulty. What an example of kindness, sensibility, and I may add reason, does this instance afford us!

A gentleman in Ireland had a remarkably fine and intelligent Newfoundland dog, named Boatswain, whose acts were the constant theme of admiration. On one

occasion, an aged lady who resided in the house, and the mother-in-law of the owner of the dog, was indisposed and confined to her bed. The old lady was tired of chickens and other productions of the farm-yard, and a consultation was held in her room as to what could be procured to please her fancy for dinner. Various things were mentioned and declined, in the midst of which Boatswain, who was greatly attached to the old lady, entered her room with a fine young rabbit in his mouth, which he laid at the foot of the bed, wagging his tail with great exultation. It is not meant to infer that the dog knew anything of the difficulty of finding a dinner to the lady's taste, but seeing her distressed in mind and body, it is not improbable that he had brought his offering in the hopes of pleasing her.

On another occasion, his master found this dog early one summer's morning, keeping watch over an unfortunate countryman, who was standing with his back to a wall in the rear of the premises, pale with terror. He was a simple, honest creature, living in the neighbourhood. Having to attend some fair or market, about four o'clock in the morning, he made

a short cut through the grounds, which were under the protection of Boatswain, who drove the intruder to the wall, and kept him there, shewing his teeth and giving a growl whenever he offered to stir from the spot. In this way he was kept a prisoner till the owner of the faithful animal released him.

There was a Newfoundland dog on board H. M. S. Bellona, which kept the deck during the battle of Copenhagen, running backward and forward with so brave an anger, that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. When the ship was paid off, after the peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore. Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast beef and plum-pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name. This anecdote is taken from Southey's "Omniana."

I am indebted to a kind correspondent for the following anecdotes.

"A friend of mine, who in the time of the war commanded the Sea Fencibles, in the neighbourhood of Southend, possessed in those days a magnificent Newfoundland dog, named 'Venture.' This noble creature my friend was accustomed to take with

him in the pursuit of wild fowl. One cold evening after having tolerable sport, the dog was suddenly missed; he had been last seen when in pursuit of a winged bird. As the ice was floating in the river, and the dog was true to his name, and would swim any distance for the recovery of wounded game, it was feared he must have fallen a victim to the hazards of the sport, and his owner returned home in consequence much dispirited. On his arrival at his house, what was his extreme surprise, on entering the drawing-room, to find his wife accompanied by the dog, and a fine mallard lying on the table; the lady had on her part been overwhelmed with anxiety by the dog's having returned home alone some time before, knowing the frequently perilous amusement in which her husband had embarked. The dog had straight on his return rushed to the drawing-room where the lady sat, and had laid the wild-duck at her feet, having brought it safely in his mouth several miles.

“My uncle once sent a coat to the tailor to be mended, it was left upon a counter in the shop; my uncle's dog had accompanied the servant to the

taylor's: the animal watched his opportunity, pulled the coat down from the counter, and brought it home in triumph to his master.

“There is a tendency in the pride of man to deny the power of reasoning in animals, while it is the belief of some that reason is often a more sure guide to the brute beast, for the purposes designed by Providence, than that of their detractors. The fact is I think few persons, who reflect, deny the power, in a degree, to the less gifted of Nature's works:—Certainly not some of the wisest of our race. Bishop Butler in his *Analogy*, I think, assumes it; while the following beautiful inscription, designed for the epitaph of a favourite Newfoundland dog, was penned by no less a person, than the late wise and venerable Earl of Eldon; from it his views on this subject may, I fancy be easily discerned. They are published in his life by Horace Twiss, a book so universally read:—

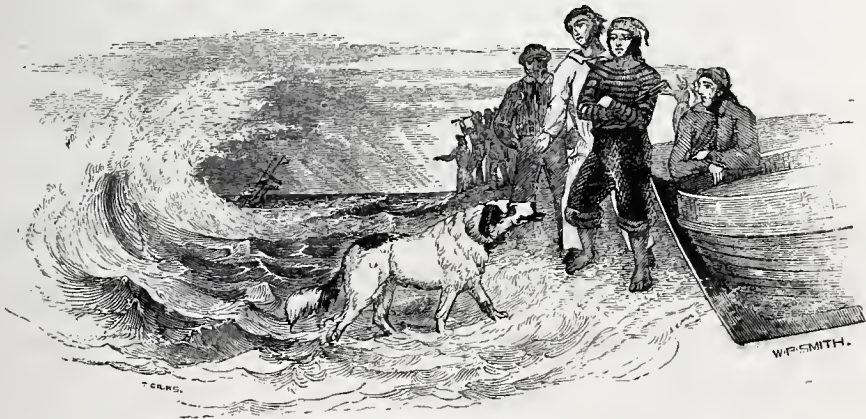
‘ You, who wander hither,
Pass not unheeded
The spot where poor Cæsar
Is deposited.

* * * * *

To his rank among created beings,
The power of reasoning is denied !

Caesar manifested joy,
For days before his master
Arrived at Encombe ;
Caesar manifested grief
For days before his master left it.

What name shall be given
To that faculty,
Which thus made expectation
A source of joy,
Which thus made expectation
A source of grief ? ”



THE COLLY, OR SHEPHERD'S DOG.

“ My dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind :
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.”

GAY.

“ Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy,
To kings.” —

SHAKSPEARE.

WHO that has seen, has not been delighted with the charming picture by Mr. Landseer of the Shepherd's dog, resting his head on the coffin which contained the body of his dead master! Grief, fidelity and affection are so strongly portrayed in the countenance of the poor dog, that they cannot be mistaken. We may fancy him to have been the constant companion of the old Shepherd through many a dreary day of rain, and frost, and snow on the neighbouring hills, gathering the scattered flock with persevering industry, and receiving the reward of his exertions in the approbation of his master.



SCOTTISH COLLIE

London Published by Richard Benuley, 1840

On returning to the humble cottage at night, he partakes of the "Shepherd's scanty fare," and then coiled up before the flickering light of a few collected sticks, cold and shivering with wet, he awakes to greet his master at the first glimmering of morn, and is ready to renew his toils. Poor dog—what a lesson do you afford to those who are incapable of your gratitude, fidelity and affection! and what justice has the charming Artist done to these noble qualities! I trust he will receive this fanciful description of his dog, as a little tribute paid to his talents, as well as to his good feeling.

How well do I recollect the Ettrick Shepherd descending on the sagacity and perseverance of his sheep-dog. His name was "Sirrah," and he told me the following extraordinary anecdote of him, and which, as he afterwards published it, may be given in his own words.

"About seven hundred lambs, which were once under my care at weaning time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that he, and an assistant lad, could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah! my man,' said

I in great affliction, 'they are awa.' The night was so dark that I could not see Sirrah, but the faithful animal heard my words — words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without much ado he silently set off in search of the recreant flock. Meanwhile I and my companion did not fail to do all in our power to recover our lost charge. We spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could we obtain the slightest trace. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that had occurred in the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what had become of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs, which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that com-

manding situation. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the Shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can farther say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

The following is perhaps, a still more extraordinary anecdote of the fidelity shewn by a sheep-dog to its charge. It was communicated by Robert Murray, Shepherd to Mr. Samuel Richmond, Path of Coudie, near Dunning in Perthshire.

Murray had purchased for his master four score of sheep at the Falkirk Tryst, but having occasion to stop another day, and confident in the faithfulness and sagacity of his Collie, which was a female, he committed the drove to her care, with orders to drive them home, a distance of about seventeen miles. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped

two whelps, but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two further — then, allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the Collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her own young ones and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting, on this occasion, was afterwards gathered by the Shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the dumb animal on the road. However, when the Collie reached her home, and delivered her charge, it was found that the two pups were dead. In this extremity, the instinct of the poor brute was, if possible, still more remarkable. She went to a rabbit-brae in the vicinity, and dug out of the earth two young rabbits, which she deposited on some straw in a barn, and continued to suckle for some time, until one of the farm servants unluckily let down a full sack upon them and smothered them.

The sense and recollection of the sheep-dog were shewn in the following instance.

When I occupied a small farm in Surrey, I was in the habit of joining with a friend in the purchase of two hundred Cheviot sheep. The first year we had them, the Shepherd who drove them from the North, was asked by us how he had got on. "Why, very badly," said the man, "for I had a young dog, and he did not manage well in keeping the sheep from running up lanes, and out of the way places." The next year we had the same number of sheep brought up and by the same man. In answer to our question about his journey, he informed us that he had got on very well, for his dog had recollected all the turnings of the road, which the sheep had passed the previous year, and had kept them straight the whole of the way.

It has always appeared to me that the patriarchal flocks, the shepherds and their dogs, are seen to more advantage on the wild hills of Cumberland and Westmorland, than in any other situation. When I have wandered along the sides of some of the beautiful Lakes of those Counties, and have witnessed the effects of light and shade at different times of the day, on the water and distant hills and vallies, and seen the nu-

merous sheep scattered over the latter, how delightful has been the prospect! During the early morning, the bright beams of the sun did not produce too much glare and heat, but served to give a charming glitter to the dew-drops as they besparkled the grass and flowers. The tracts of the sheep might be seen by the disappearance of the "gentle dew" from their path as they proceeded to their pasture, driven by the watchful Colly. It was a scene of cheerfulness, which every lover of nature would admire.

In the evening, the calmness of the Lake was delightful. The light hovered over it, and the reflection of the trees in the transparent water beautified the scene. The beams of the setting sun glowed first over the vallies, and then illumined the tops of the hills. Then gradually disappeared, but the grey tints of evening still had their beauty, and a diversity of them was preserved long after the greater effects of the setting sun had vanished. Deep shade was contrasted with former splendour, till at last the lovely moon appeared with her modest light, and formed a streak across the Lake which was occasionally broken, as a little ripple, raised by a breeze of the gentlest kind, passed over it.

While the sun still gleamed on the mountain's side, the Shepherd might be observed resting at its foot; while his patient dog ranged about collecting the flock, and bringing them towards his master.

Dear, lovely Lake! — Never shall I forget your beauteous scenery. Seated in the cool of the evening under one of the noble trees on your shore, the only sounds I heard were the soft ripple of the water, and the late warbling of the red-breast — Yes, I forget the humming-beetle as it rapidly passed, and the owl calling to its mate in the distant wood. How peaceful were my feelings! —

“ Happy the man whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
And heav'n's own thunder roll;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunders can deform
The quiet of his soul.”

C. B.

Nor is the scenery from the Lakes the only thing to be admired in this delightful country. Lanes may be traversed sheltered by the oak, the ash, and hazels, and only those who have seen the Cumberland hazels can form an idea of the beauty of their silvery bark, and luxuriant growth. From these lanes there are occasional openings, through which a placid lake, or a distant range of hills may be seen. And what picturesque and rugged hills they are! Huge, projecting rocks and verdant lawns, and deep channels of rugged stone, over which a foaming torrent forces its way in the rainy season, and is succeeded in dry weather by a sparkling rivulet, which trickles down to swell a little brooklet at the foot of the hill, as it winds its way to the neighbouring lake. These may be seen, and the patches of heather, and the patient Colly, watching for a signal to collect the scattered flock, dotted, as it appears to be, over the almost inaccessible heights. At some distance it is difficult to see the sheep, at least by a stranger, partly on account of the dark colour of their fleeces, (for they have not the whiteness of our flocks in the midland downs) and partly from the shadow on the hills. Separated as they are from

each other, as the evening closes in, the sagacious dog receives a hint from his master, and the sheep are quickly collected from places to which the Shepherd could with difficulty make his way. Snow and frost are no check to the labours of the Colly dog. His exertions are indefatigable, and the only reward he appears to expect is the approbation of his master.

I trust my readers will begin to feel some interest in this sagacious and useful animal, and I will endeavour to add to it by relating one or two more well authenticated anecdotes of him.

A gentleman of my acquaintance had a sheep-dog, which was generally kept in a yard by the side of his house in the country. One day a beggar made his way into the yard armed with a stout stick, with which he defended himself from the attacks of the dog, who barked at and attempted to bite him. On the appearance of a servant, the dog ceased barking, and watching his opportunity, he got behind the beggar, snatched the stick from his hand, and carried it into the road, where he left it.

The following anecdote will serve to shew the strong affection of the sheep-dog; I will give it in

the words of a gentleman, who witnessed the fact in the North of England.

“The following instance of canine affection came under my observation at a farm-steading, where I happened to be. A colly belonging to the shepherd on the farm appeared very restless and agitated: she frequently sent forth short howls, and moaned as if in great agony. ‘What on earth is the matter with the dog,’ I asked. ‘Ye see, sur,’ said the shepherd, ‘au drownit a’ her whelps i’ the pond the day, and she’s busy greeting for them.’ Of course, I had no objection to offer to this explanation, but resolved to watch her future operations. She was not long in setting off to the pond and fishing out her offspring. One strong brindled pup she seemed to lament over the most. After looking at it for some time, she again set off at a quick rate to a new house then in the course of erection, and scooped out a deep hole among the rubbish. She then, one by one, deposited the remains of her young in it, and covered them up most carefully. After she had fulfilled this task, she resumed her labours among her woolly charge as usual.

In the winter of the year 1795, as Mr. Boulstead's son, of Great Salkeld, in Cumberland, was attending the sheep of his father upon Great Salkeld Common, he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was then at the distance of three miles from home—there was no chance of any person's coming in so unfrequented a place within call, and evening was fast approaching. In this dreadful dilemma, suffering extreme pain from the fracture, and laying upon the damp ground at so dreary a season of the year, his fearful situation suggested to him the following expedient. Folding one of his gloves in his pocket-handkerchief, he fastened it round the neck of the dog, and rather emphatically ordered him 'home.' These dogs, trained so admirably to orders and signals, during their attendance upon the flock, are well known to be under the most minute subjection, and to execute the commands of their masters with an alacrity scarcely to be conceived.

Perfectly convinced of some inexplicable disquietude from the situation in which his master lay, he set off at a pace which soon brought him to the house, where he scratched with great violence at the door

for immediate admittance. This obtained, the parents were in the utmost alarm and consternation at his appearance, especially when they had examined the handkerchief and its contents. Instantly concluding that some accident had befallen their son, they did not delay a moment to go in search of him. The dog, apparently conscious that the principal part of his duty was yet to be performed, anxiously led the way, and conducted the agitated parents to the spot where their son lay overwhelmed with pain, increased by the awful uncertainty of his situation. Happily he was removed just at the close of day, and the necessary assistance being procured, he soon recovered. He was never more pleasingly engaged than when reciting the sagacity and affection of his faithful follower, who then became his constant companion.

There is a well known story of a farmer, who returning home, in winter from a market town, while in a state of intoxication, had his life saved by his faithful sheep-dog. On being afterwards offered a large sum for the animal, he said, "that so long as he had a bone to his meat, or a crust to his bread,

he would divide it with the faithful friend, who had saved his life."

And here I cannot do better than introduce Dr. Walcot's (Peter Pindar) charming lines on "The Old Shepherd's Dog."

"The old Shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,
His teeth all departed and feeble his tongue ;
Yet where'er Corin went he was follow'd by Tray,
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.
When fatigu'd on the grass the Shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun, 'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or laid down at his feet.
When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
When torrents descended, and cold was the wind ;
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.
At length in the straw Tray made his last bed ;
For vain against death is the stoutest endeavour,
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah ! clos'd them for ever.
Not long after Tray did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend ;
And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
' O bury me, Neighbours, beside my old friend.'"

There can be little doubt but that the dog I have been describing is possessed of almost human sagacity. The following is an extraordinary instance of it. It is related by Dr. Anderson.

The owner of a sheep-dog having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing, the following fact, among others respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence on his trial. When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his heel, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundreds. He then went away, and at the distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, till he overtook his master, to whom he relinquished them.

Often as I have attempted to make acquaintance

with a colly-dog, I have never been able to succeed in producing any degree of familiarity. On the contrary he has always regarded me with looks of shyness and suspicion. His master appears to be the only being to whom he is capable of shewing any degree of attachment, and coiled up on his great-coat or reposing at his feet, he eyes a stranger with distrust, if not with anger. At the same time there is a look of extraordinary intelligence, which perhaps is possessed by no other animal in a greater degree. It has been said of him that although he has not the noble port of the Newfoundland-dog, the affectionate fondling of the spaniel, nor the fierce attachment, which renders the mastiff so efficient a guard, yet he exceeds them all in readiness and extent of intelligence, combined with a degree of docility unequalled, perhaps, by any other animal in existence. There is, if the expression may be used, a philosophic look about him which shews thought, patience, energy and vigilance. During a recent visit in Cumberland, I took some pains to make myself acquainted with the character of this dog, and I am now convinced that too much cannot be said of his wonderful properties.

He protects with indefatigable exertions the flock committed to his charge. When we consider the dreary wilds, the almost inaccessible heights, the rugged hills and lofty mountains to which sheep have access, and to which man could scarcely penetrate—that some sheep will stray and intermix with other flocks—that the dog knows the extent of his walk, as well as every individual of his flock, and that he will select his own as well as drive away intruders, we must admit his utility and admire his sagacity.

Let me give another instance of this in the words of the Ettrick Shepherd. It was related to me by himself, and has since been published in the Percy Anecdotes.

“I once witnessed a very singular feat performed by a dog belonging to John Graham, late tenant in Ashiesteel. A neighbour came to his house after it was dark, and told him that he had lost a sheep on his farm, and that if he (Graham) did not secure her in the morning early, she would be lost, as he had brought her far. John said he could not possibly get to the hill next morning, but if he would take him to the very spot where he lost the sheep, perhaps his dog Chicftain would find her that night. On that

they went away with all expedition, lest the traces of the feet should cool; and I, then a boy, being in the house went with them. The night was pitch dark, which had been the cause of the man loosing his ewe, and at length he pointed out a place to John by the side of the water where he had lost her. 'Chieftain! fetch that,' said John, 'bring her back, sir.' The dog jumped around and around, and reared himself upon end; but not being able to see anything, evidently misapprehended his master, on which John fell to scolding his dog, calling it a great many hard names. He at last told the man that he must point out the very track that the sheep went, otherwise he had no chance of recovering it. The man led him to a grey stone, and said he was sure she took the brae (hill side) within a yard of that. 'Chieftain, come hither to my foot, you great numb'd whelp,' said John, Chieftain came, John pointed with his finger to the ground, 'Fetch that, I say, sir—bring that back—away.' The dog scented slowly about on the ground for some seconds, but soon began to mend his pace, and vanished in the darkness. 'Bring her back; away, you great calf,' vociferated John, with a

voice of exultation, as the dog broke to the hill. And, as all these good dogs perform their work in perfect silence, we neither saw nor heard any more of him for a long time. I think, if I remember right we waited there about half an hour, during which time all the conversation was about the small chance which the dog had to find the ewe, for it was agreed on all hands, that she must long ago have mixed with the rest of the sheep on the farm. How that was, no man will ever be able to decide. John, however, still persisted in waiting until his dog came back, either with the ewe or without her. At last the trusty animal brought the individual lost sheep to our very feet, which the man took on his back, and went on his way rejoicing."

The care the Shepherds of the north of England take in preserving a pure breed of these dogs is very great, and the value set upon them is proportionably high. Nor must the shepherds themselves be passed over without notice. They are a shrewd, sagacious set of men, many of them by no means uneducated, as is the case generally with the peasantry in the north of England; indeed it is from this class that many

scholars and mathematicians have done so much credit, and I may add honour, to the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. An anecdote is related of a shepherd, who was found by a gentleman attending his flock, and reading a volume of Milton. "What are you reading," asked the gentleman. "Why I am reading an odd sort of a poet," replied the shepherd, "he would fain rhyme, but does not quite know how to set about it."

The vallies, or glens, which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for sale, or shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession, and to turn back by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours. In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, about three years old. This is a usual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from their earliest infancy to

endure the rigours of the climate. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, in order to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as almost to turn day into night, and that in the course of a few minutes. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child, but, owing to the unusual darkness, he missed his way in the descent. After a search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts, with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless and dangerous. He

was, therefore, obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child, and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of the child, but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, but still, on returning at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this circumstance, he remained at home one day, and, when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet separated by an

abyss of immense depth, presenting that appearance which so often astonishes and appals travellers who frequent the Grampian Mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the torrent. The shepherd with some difficulty followed, but upon entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his lost child eating with much satisfaction the cake, which the dog had just brought to him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency.

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had probably prevented him from quitting. The dog had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him the

whole, or the greater part of his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

This extraordinary and interesting anecdote is taken from the Monthly Magazine of April, 1802, and bears every appearance of authenticity. It affords an instance of the sense, affection and self-denial of a faithful animal, and is recorded to his honor, and as an example to the whole race of human beings.

Mr. Daniel, in the "Supplement to his Rural Sports," gives the following account of the Shepherd's dogs in North Wales. He says, "the sheep in this country are the antient Alpine sort, (how excellent the mutton is!) and that from their varying mode of life, they assume very different habits to the sheep of an inland country, while those of the shepherd's dogs are no less conspicuous. The excellency of these animals, renders sheep-pens in a great degree unnecessary. If a shepherd wishes to inspect his flock in a cursory way, he places himself in the middle of the field, or the piece of ground they are depasturing, and giving

a whistle or a shout, the dogs and the sheep are equally obedient to the sound, and draw towards the shepherd, and are kept within reach by one or more dogs, until the business which required them to be assembled, is finished. In such estimation was this breed of dogs, when cattle constituted one of the grand sources of wealth to the country, that in the laws of Hywell Dda, the legal price of one perfectly broke in for conducting the flocks or herds, to or from their pasturage, was considered of equal value with an ox, *viz.* sixty denarii, while the price of the house-dog was estimated at only four, which was the value of a sheep. If any doubt arose as to the genuineness of the breed, or his having been *pastorally* trained, then the owner and a neighbour were to make oath that he went with the flocks or herds in the morning, and drove them, with the stragglers, home in the evening."

I delight in seeing a shepherd's dog in full activity, anxious to obey the directions of his master. He runs with his utmost speed, encompassing a large space of open country in a short time, and brings those sheep that are wanted to the feet of his master.

Indeed the natural talents and sagacity of this dog are so great, partly by being the constant companion of his master, and partly by education, that he may almost be considered a rational being. Mr. Smellie says, "that he reigns at the head of his flock, and that his *language*, whether expressive of blandishment or of command, is better heard and better understood, than the voice of his master. Safety, order, and discipline are the effects of his vigilance and activity. Sheep and cattle are his subjects. These he conducts and protects with prudence and bravery, and never employs force against them, except for the preservation of peace and good order. He not only understands the language of his master, but, when too distant to be heard, he knows how to act by signals made with the hand." How well Delille describes this faithful animal : —

" Aimable autant qu'utile,
Superbe et caressant, courageux et docile,
Formé pour le conduire et pour le protéger,
Du troupeau qu'il gouverne il est le vrai berger ;
Le ciel l'a fait pour nous ; et dans leur cours rustique,
Il fut des rois pasteurs le premier domestique."

Colonel Hamilton Smith mentions the care these dogs take of their charge, and the readiness with which they chastise those who molest them. He instances the case of a cur biting a sheep in the rear of the flock, unseen by the shepherd. This assault was committed by a tailor's dog, but not unmarked by the colley, who immediately seized the aggressor, and dragging him into a puddle, while holding his ear, kept dabbling him in the mud with exemplary gravity. The cur yelled, the tailor came slipshod with his goose to the rescue, and having flung it at the sheep dog and missed him, stood by gaping, not venturing to fetch it back until the punishment was over, and the dog had followed the flock.

Mr. Charles Darwin, in his interesting travels in South America, informs us that when riding, it is a common thing to meet a large flock of sheep, guarded by one or two dogs, at the distance of some miles from any house or man. He often wondered how so firm a friendship had been established, till he found that the method of education consisted in separating the puppy, while very young, from the

mother, and in accustoming it to its future companions. In order to do this, a ewe is held three or four times a day for the little thing to suck, and a nest of wool is made for it in the sheep-pen. At no time is it allowed to associate with other dogs, or with the children of the family. From this education, it has no wish to leave the flock, and just as another dog will defend his master, so will these the sheep. It is amusing to observe, when approaching a flock, how the dog immediately advances barking, and the sheep all close in his rear, as if round the oldest ram. These dogs are also easily taught to bring home the flock at a certain hour in the evening. Their most troublesome fault, when young, is their desire of playing with the sheep; for, in their sport, they sometimes gallop their poor subjects most unmercifully. The shepherd dog comes to the house every day for some meat, and immediately it is given him, he skulks away as if ashamed of himself. On these occasions the house-dogs are very tyrannical, and the least of them will attack and pursue the stranger. The minute, however, the latter has reached the flock, he turns round and begins to bark,

and then all the house-dogs take very quietly to their heels. In a similar manner, a whole pack of hungry wild-dogs will scarcely ever venture to attack a flock when under the protection of even one of these faithful shepherds.

Among other anecdotes of the sheep-dog, the following may be mentioned as affording an instance of extraordinary sagacity.

A dog of this breed was in the constant habit of accompanying the farming men on a farm, but always ran home at a certain hour to be fed when his mistress dined, and then returned to his usual attendance in the fields. During one of these hasty visits, hungry as we may suppose him to have been, he met a young woman near the house, whom he had never before seen, wearing his mistress's cloak. Heedless of the savoury food which was prepared for him, he viewed the young woman with a scrutinizing eye, turned round, and followed her closely to her great alarm. She went to a neighbouring village four miles off, where the brother of the dog's mistress resided, and entered his house. Most probably concluding from this circumstance that she was a privileged person,

he returned quietly to the farm. Had she passed the house, the dog, no doubt, would have seized her by the cloak; at least such was the opinion of those who knew the dog best, nor is it at all an improbable supposition.



THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

“ Thrill sounds are breaking o’er the startled ear,
The shriek of agony, the cry of fear ;—
And the sad tones of childhood in distress,
Are echoing through the snow-clad wilderness !
And who the first to waken to the sound,
And quickly down the icy path to bound ?
To dare the storm with anxious step and grave,
The first to answer and the first to save —
’Tis he — the brave old dog, who many a day
Hath saved lost wand’rers in that dreary way ;
And now with head close crouch’d along the ground,
Is watching eagerly each coming sound —
Sudden he starts — the cry is near —
On, gallant Bruno ! — know no fear !
On ! — for that cry may be the last,
And human life is ebbing fast !
And now he hurries on with heaving side,
Dashing the snow from off it’s shaggy hide —
He nears the child ! — he hears his gasping sighs,
And, with a tender care, he bears away the prize.”

MRS. HOUSTOUN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT said that he would believe any thing of a St. Bernard Dog. Their natural sagacity is, indeed, so sharpened by long practice and careful



ST. BERNARD DOG

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training, that a sort of language is established between them and the good monks of St. Bernard, by which mutual communications are made, such as few persons living in situations of less constant and severe trials, can have any just conceptions of. When we look at the extraordinary sagacity of the animal, his great strength, and his instinctive faculties, we shall feel convinced how admirably he is adapted to fulfil the purposes for which he is employed, that of saving lives in snow storms.

The instinctive faculty of the St. Bernard dogs is shewn by the curious fact, that if a whelp of this breed is placed upon snow for the first time, it will begin to scratch it, and sniff about as if in search of something. When they have been regularly trained, they are generally sent out in pairs during heavy snow storms in search of travellers, who may have been overwhelmed by the snow. In this way they pass over a great extent of country, and by the acuteness of their scent discover if any one is buried in the snow drift. When it is considered that mount St. Bernard is situated about 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and that it is the highest habitable spot in Eu-

rope, and that the road which passes across it is constantly traversed, the great utility of the dogs is sufficiently manifest. Neither is the kindness, charity and hospitality of the good monks, less to be admired than the noble qualities of these dogs. Mr. Matthews, in his "Diary of an Invalid," thus describes the conduct of both.

"The approach," he says, "to the convent for the last hour of the ascent, is steep and difficult. The convent is not seen till you arrive within a few hundred yards of it, it then breaks upon the view all at once, at a turn in the rock. Upon a projecting crag near it, stood one of the celebrated dogs, baying at our advance, as if to give notice of strangers. These dogs are of a large size, particularly high upon the legs, and generally of a milk white or of a tabby colour. They are most extraordinary creatures, if all the stories the monks tell of them are true. They are used for the purpose of searching for travellers who may be buried in the snow; and many persons are rescued annually from death by their means. During the last winter, a traveller arrived at the convent in the midst of a snow storm, having been compelled

to leave his wife, who was unable to proceed further at about a quarter of a mile's distance. A party of the monks immediately set out to her assistance, and found her completely buried under the snow. The sagacity of the dogs alone was the cause of her deliverance, for there was no visible trace, and it is difficult to understand how the scent can be conveyed through a deep covering of snow.

“It is stated that the monks themselves, when out upon search for travellers, have frequently owed their preservation to their dogs, in a manner, which would seem to shew that the dogs are endued with a presentiment of danger.

“Many stories of this kind have been told, and I was anxious to ascertain their truth. The monks stated two or three cases, where the dogs had actually prevented them from returning to the convent by their accustomed route, when, it afterwards turned out, that if they had not followed the guidance of their dog in his deviation, they would have been overwhelmed by an avalanche. Whether the dog may be endued with an intuitive foreboding of danger, or whether he may have the faculty of detecting symp-

toms not perceptible to our duller senses, must be determined by philosophers."

That dogs and other animals, especially elephants, have this faculty cannot be doubted. There is an instance on record of a dog having, by his importunity and peculiar gestures, induced his mistress to quit a wash-house in which she was at work, the roof of which fell in almost immediately afterwards. Dogs have been known to give the alarm of fire, by howling and other signs, before it was perceived by any of the inmates of the house. Their apprehension of danger is indeed very acute and very extraordinary, and may serve to account for and prove the accuracy of what has been stated respecting the instinct of the St. Bernard dogs.

These dogs, however, do not always escape being overwhelmed by a sudden avalanche, which falls as is most usual, in the spring of the year. Two of the domestics of the convent, with two or three dogs, were escorting some travellers, and were lost in an avalanche. One of the predecessors of these dogs, an intelligent animal, which had served the hospital for the space of twelve years, had, during that time,

saved the lives of *forty* individuals. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost his breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks.

One day this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state between the bridge of Drouaz and the Ice house of Balsora. He immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, and the perfect recovery of the boy, by means of his caresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph, to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne by way of reward. He is now dead, and his body stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck.

This story of this dog has been often told, but it cannot be too frequently repeated. Its authenticity is well established, and it affords another proof of the utility and sense of the St. Bernard dogs. Neither can the benevolence of the good monks be too highly praised. To those accustomed to behold the habitations of man, surrounded by flowery gardens, green and pleasing meadows, rivulets winding and smiling over their pebbly bottoms, and groves in which songsters haunt and warble, the sight of a large monastery, situated on a gigantic eminence, with clouds rolling at its foot, and encompassed only by beds of ice and snow, must be awfully impressive. Yet amidst these boundless labyrinths of rugged glens and precipices, in the very rudest seasons, as often as it snows, or the weather is foggy, do some of these benevolent persons go forth, with long poles, guided by their sagacious dogs. In this way they seek the high road, which these animals, with their instinctive faculty, never miss, how difficult soever to find. If a wretched traveller has sunk beneath the force of the falling snows, or should be immersed among them, the dogs never fail in finding the place of his interment, which they point

out by scratching and snuffing, when the sufferer is dug out, and carried to the monastery, where means are used for his recovery.

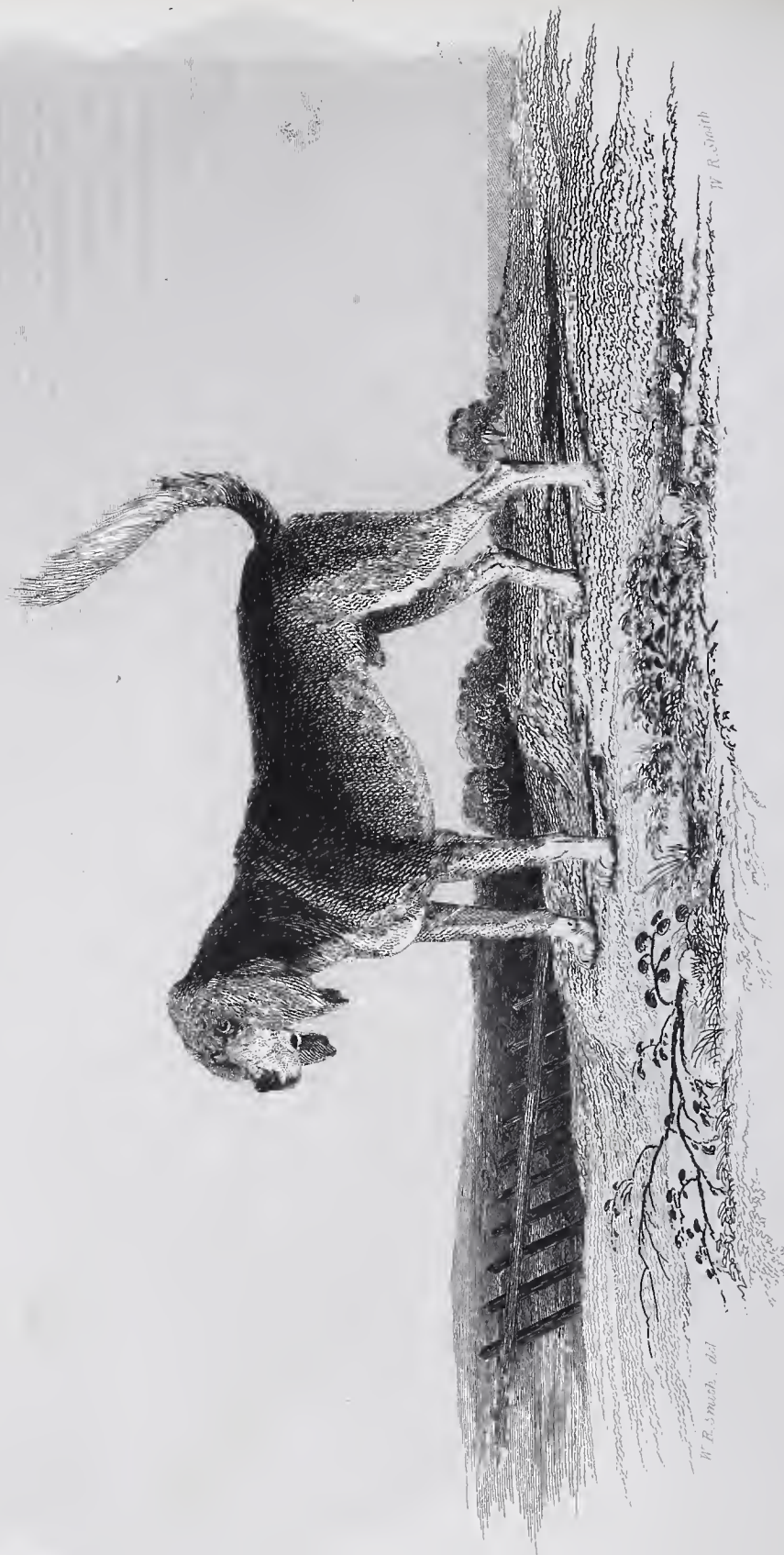
The following interesting anecdote is another instance of the charming fidelity and sagacity of a dog.

In crossing the mountain St. Gothard, near Airola, the Chevalier Gaspard de Brandenburg and his servant were buried by an avalanche. His dog, who escaped the heap of snow, did not for some time quit the place where he had lost his master. This was fortunately near the Convent. The animal howled, and at last ran to the Convent and then returned. This he did several times. Struck by his perseverance, the next morning the people from the house followed him. He led them directly to the spot, scratched the snow, and after thirty-six hours passed beneath it, the Chevalier and his servant were taken out safe, having heard distinctly during their confinement the howling of the dog and the discourse of their deliverers. Sensible that to the sagacity and fondness of this creature he owed his life, he ordered by his will that he should be represented on his tomb with his dog; and at Zug, in the Church of St. Oswald, where he was

buried in 1728, they still shew the monument, and the effigy of this gentleman, with the dog lying at his feet.

I have now concluded the anecdotes I have been able to collect of the St. Bernard dog. My only regret is that I have not been able to meet with more, and I may here add that I shall thankfully receive any well authenticated ones with which any of my readers may favour me.





THE BLOOD HOUND.

“ His snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy ; then with deep op’ning mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th’ audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O’er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O’er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain’d,
Unerring he pursues ; till at the cot
Arriv’d, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey :
So exquisitely delicate his sense !” —

SOMERVILLE.

THESE noble dogs were also called *Slough* dogs, in consequence of their exploring the sloughs, mosses and bogs, in pursuit of offenders, called Moss-troopers. They were used for this purpose as late as the reign of James the first. In Scotland they are called the Sleuth-hound. It is the largest of any variety of hound, some of them having measured from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches to the top of the shoulder.

They are beautifully formed, and have a noble expression of countenance, so finely portrayed in Mr. Landseer's well known and beautiful picture of "Dignity and Impudence." There is, as Colonel Hamilton Smith has observed, a kind of sagacious, or serious, solemn dignity about him, admirably calculated to impress the marauder with dread and awe. Indeed so much is this the case, that I knew an instance of a blood-hound having traced a sheep-stealer to his cottage in Bedfordshire, and so great was the dread afterwards of the peculiar instinct of this dog, that sheep-stealing, which had before been very common in the neighbourhood, was put an end to. It has, therefore, often occurred to me, that if blood-hounds were kept for the general good in different districts, that sheep-stealing would be less frequent than it is at present. They might also be usefully employed in the detection of rick-burners. At all events the suggestion is worth some consideration, especially from Insurance Offices. In 1803, the Thrapston Association, for the prosecution of felons in Northamptonshire, procured and trained a blood-hound for the detection of sheep-stealers. In order to prove the utility of the dog, a man was dis-

patched from a spot, where a great concourse of people were assembled, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and an hour afterwards the hound was laid on the scent. After a chase of an hour and a half, the hound found him secreted in a tree, many miles from the place of starting. The very knowledge, that farmers could readily have recourse to the assistance of such a dog, would serve to prevent the commission of much crime.

Mr. Boyle informs us, that a person of quality, to make trial whether a young blood-hound was well instructed, caused one of his servants to walk to a town four miles off, and then to a market-town three miles from thence. The dog, without seeing the man he was to pursue, followed him by the scent to the above-mentioned places, notwithstanding the multitude of market-people that went along the same road, and of travellers that had occasion to cross it; and when he came to the chief market-town, he passed through the streets without taking any notice of the people there. He ceased not till he had gone to the house where the man he sought rested himself, and where he found him in an upper room, to the wonder of those who had accompanied him in his pursuit.

Colonel Hamilton Smith says, that he was favoured with the following interesting notice of this dog from Sir Walter Scott, and which agrees exactly with some I have seen bred by Lord Bagot at Blithfield, in Staffordshire, and some belonging to Her present Majesty.

“The only Sleuth-hound I ever saw was one which was kept at Keeldar Castle. He was like the Spanish pointer, but much stronger, and untameably fierce,—colour black and tawny, long pendulous ears,—had a deep back, broad nostrils, and strongly made, something like the old English mastiff, now so rare.”

Some of these dogs are kept by the keepers in the Royal Parks and Forests, and are used to trace wounded deer. An officer in the 1st Life Guards has two noble dogs of this description, for one of which, I am informed, he gave fifty pounds. In fact, they are by no means uncommon in England. One distinguishing trait of purity in the breed is the colour, which is almost invariably a reddish tan, progressively darkening to the upper part, with a mixture of black upon the back.

It is well known that in the West Indies, blood-hounds were employed to hunt the runaway blacks.

I had one of these Cuba blood-hounds given to me a few years ago, and finding him somewhat more ferocious than I liked, I made a present of him to a keeper in the neighbourhood. He was put into a kennel with other dogs, and soon killed some of them. Keepers, however, in going their rounds at night, are frequently accompanied by blood-hounds, and poachers are said to have a great dread of them.



THE TERRIER.

“ Little favourite ! rest thee here
With the tribute of a tear !

* * * * *

Thou hast fondled at my feet
Greeted those I lov'd to greet ;
When in sorrow or in pain,
On my bosom thou hast lain—
I have seen thy little eye,
Full as if with sympathy —”

THERE are so many varieties of Terriers, and so many celebrated breeds of these dogs, that it would be a difficult task to give a separate account of each. Some have a cross of the Bull-dog, and these, perhaps are unequalled for courage and strength of jaw. In the latter quality, they are superior to the bull dog. Then there is the Pepper and Mustard breed, the Isle of Sky, the rough and smooth English terrier, and a peculiar breed, of which my own sensible little Judy, now reposing at my feet, is one, besides some others.



THE MASTIFF
The Property of the Author

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1846

Perhaps there is no breed of dogs which attach themselves so strongly to man as the terrier. They are his companions in his walks, and their activity and high spirit enable them to keep up with a horse, through a long day's journey. Their fidelity to their master is unbounded, and their affection for him unconquerable. When he is ill they will repose for hours by the side of his bed, as still as a mother watching over a sick and slumbering child, and when he is well they will frisk around him, as if their pleasure was renewed with his returning health. How well do I remember this to have been the case with my faithful old dog Trim. Nothing would induce him to make the slightest noise till I called him on my bed, when I awoke in the morning. Night or day he never left me for many years, and when at last I was obliged to take a journey without him, his life fell a sacrifice to his affection for me—alas! poor Trim.

This breed of dogs, the true English terrier, shews an invincible ardour in all that he is required to do, as well as persevering fortitude. In drawing badgers and foxes from their holes, the severe bites of these

animals only seem to animate them to greater exertions, and they have been known to suffer themselves to be killed by the former sooner than give over the unequal contest.

The vignette at the end of this notice represents a favourite wire-haired terrier of mine, called Peter, well known for many years at Hampton Court. He had wonderful courage and perseverance, and was the best dog to hunt rabbits in thick hedge-rows, I ever met with. He was also a capital water-dog, and he was frequently enticed by some of the Officers quartered at Hampton Court to accompany them to the neighbouring lock of the river Thames, in which an unfortunate duck was to be hunted. I was assured that on these occasions Peter distinguished himself greatly, diving after the duck whenever it dived, and beating all the other dogs by his energy and perseverance. Peter was a general favourite, and perhaps this was partly owing to his being a great pickle. He was always getting into scrapes. Twice he broke either his shoulder bone or his leg by scrambling up a ladder. He was several times nearly killed by large dogs, of which he was never known to shew the slightest

fear, and with those of about his own size he would fight till he died. He has killed sixty rats in a barn in about as many minutes, and he was an inveterate foe to cats. I remember once taking him with me on a rabbit ferreting excursion. Before the ferrets were put in the holes, I made Peter quite aware that he was not to touch them, and he was so sensible a dog that there was no difficulty in doing this, although it was the first time he had seen a ferret. If a rabbit bolted from the hole he was watching, he killed it in an instant, but when the ferret made its appearance, Peter retreated a step or two, shewing his teeth a little as if he longed to attack it. Towards the end of the day, I had gone to a little distance, leaving Peter watching a hole. Presently I heard a squeak, and on turning round I saw the ferret dead, and Peter standing over it looking exceedingly ashamed at what he had done, and perfectly conscious that he had disobeyed orders. The temptation, however, was too great for him to resist. Peter at last got into bad company, for he suffered himself to be enticed by the ostlers and others into the taps at Hampton Court, and they indulged him in his fondness for killing

vermin and eats. He was a dog of extraordinary sense. I once gave him some milk and water at my breakfast which was too hot. He afterwards was in the habit of dipping one of his paws into the basin, preferring rather to scald his foot than to run the risk of doing so to his tongue. He had other peculiarities. When I mounted my horse and wanted him to follow me, he would come a little distance, and then all at once pretend to be lame. The more I called the lamer he became. He was, in fact, aware of my long rides, and was too lazy to follow me. He played this trick very frequently. If I called him while I had my snuff-box in my hand, he would come to me, pretending to sneeze the whole of the time. I have said so much about Peter, because he was a good specimen of one of the small breed of terriers.

Terriers, more than any other breed of dogs, live so much in our rooms, and are so generally our companions during our walks and rides, that they naturally imbibe a great degree of sensibility of the least look or word of their master. This very sensibility makes them extremely jealous of any preference or attention shewn by their master to another dog. I

had an old terrier who never could bear to see me do this. He shewed it not only by his countenance in a remarkable way, but would fall upon any dog he saw me caress. Mons. Blaze gives an instance of a dog having killed a young child, who had been in the habit of fondling a dog belonging to the same owner, and shewing fear and dislike of him. Another dog was so strongly attached to his master that he was miserable when he was absent. When the gentleman married, the dog seemed to feel a diminution of affection towards him, and shewed great uneasiness. Finding, however, that his new mistress grew fond of him, he became perfectly happy. Something more than a year after this they had a child. There was now a decided inquietude about the dog, and it was impossible to avoid noticing that he felt himself miserable. The attention paid to the child increased his wretchedness; he loathed his food, and nothing could content him, though he was treated on this account with the utmost tenderness. At last he hid himself in the coal-cellar, and every means were used to induce him to return, but all in vain. He was deaf to entreaty, rejected all kindness, refused to eat, and

continued firm in his resolution, till exhausted nature yielded to death.

I have seen so much of the sensitiveness and jealousy of dogs, owing to their unbounded affection for their masters, that I cannot doubt the truth of this anecdote, which was related by Mr. Dibdin. A lady had a favourite terrier, whose jealousy of any attentions shewn to her by strangers was so great, that in her walks he guarded her with the utmost care, and would not suffer any one to touch her. The following anecdote will prove the unchanging affection of these dogs. It was communicated to me by the best and most amiable man I have ever met with, either in public or private life.

He had a small terrier which was much attached to him. On leaving this country for America, he placed the dog under the care of his sister, who resided in London. The dog at first was inconsolable, and could scarcely be persuaded to eat any thing. At the end of three years his owner returned, and upon knocking at the door of his sister's house, the dog recognized the well known knock, ran down stairs with the utmost eagerness, fondled his master with the

greatest affection, and when he was in the sitting-room, the faithful animal jumped upon the piano-forte, that he might get as near to him as possible. The dog's attachment remained to the last moment of his life. He was taken ill, and was placed in his master's dressing-room on one of his cloaks. When he could scarcely move, his kind protector met him endeavouring to crawl to him up the stairs. He took the dog in his arms, placed him on his cloak, when the dog gave him a look of affection, which could not be mistaken, and immediately died. There can, I think, be no doubt, but that this affectionate animal in his endeavour to get up the steps to his master, was influenced by sensations of love and gratitude, which death alone could extinguish, and which the approach of death prompted him to shew. How charming are these instances of the affection of dogs to a kind master! and how forcibly may we draw forth the strongest testimonials of love from them by treating them as they deserve to be treated! Few people sufficiently appreciate the attachment, fidelity and sagacity of these too often persecuted animals, or are aware how much they suffer from unkindness or harsh treatment.

Every one is acquainted with the pretty picture Sir Walter Scott has drawn of the affectionate terrier, which was the companion of his hero in *Guy Mannering*. We see the faithful Wasp “scampering at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and come back to jump up to his master, and assure him that he participated in the pleasures of the journey.” We see him during the fight with the robbers, “annoying their heels, and repeatedly effecting a moment’s diversion in his master’s favour, and pursuing them when they ran away.” We hear the jolly farmer exclaim — “Deil, but your dog’s weel entered wi’ the vermin;” — and when he goes to see his friend in prison, and brings Wasp with him, we see the joy of the latter, and hear the remark elicited by it — “Whisht, Wasp — man! Wow, but he’s glad to see you, poor thing.” The whole race of Pepper and Mustard are brought before us — that breed which are held in such high estimation, not only as vermin-killers, but for their intelligence and fidelity, and other companionable qualities.

I could not deny myself the pleasure of introducing this account of the terrier, as it describes so

well their courage, fidelity and attachment. "Wasp," we are told at the close of an eventful day, "crouched himself on the coverlet at his master's feet, having first licked his master's hand to ask leave." This is part of the natural language of the dog, and how expressive is it! They speak by their eyes, their tail, and by various gestures, and it is almost impossible to misunderstand their meaning. There is a well known anecdote of two terriers who were in the habit of going out together to hunt rabbits. One of them got so far into a hole that he could not extricate himself. His companion returned to the house, and by his importunity and significant gestures, induced his master to follow him. He led him to the hole, made him understand what was the matter, and his associate was at last dug out.

The following affords another proof of the sagacity of these dogs.

A respectable farmer, residing in a village near Gosport, had a terrier dog who was his constant companion. His business frequently led him across the water to Portsmouth, to which place the dog regularly attended him. The farmer had a son-in-law, a book-

seller at Portsmouth, to whose house he frequently went, taking the dog with him. One day, the animal having lost his master in Portsmouth, after searching for him at his usual haunts, went to the bookseller, and by various gesticulations, gave him to understand that he had lost his master, his supplications were not in vain, for the bookseller, who understood his language, immediately called his boy, gave him a penny, and ordered him to go directly to the beach, and give the ferryman the money for his passage to the opposite shore. The dog, who seemed to understand the whole proceeding, was much pleased, and jumped directly into the boat, and when landed at Gosport immediately ran home. He always afterwards went to the bookseller, if he had lost his master at Portsmouth, feeling sure that his boat-hire would be paid, and which was always done.

The same dog when he was wet or dirty, would go into the barn till he was clean and dry, and then scratch at the parlour-door for admittance.

An old house being under repair, the bells on the ground-floor were taken down. The mistress of the house had an old favourite terrier, and when she wanted

her servants, she sent the dog to ring the bell in her dressing-room, having previously attached a bit of wood to the bell-rope. When the dog pulled at the rope, he listened, and if the bell did not ring, he pulled till he heard it, and then returned to the room he had left. If a piece of a paper was put into his mouth, with a message written on it, he would carry it to the person he was told to go to, and waited to bring back the answer.

One of the most extraordinary terriers I ever met with, belonged to a man of the name of T——y, well known for many years in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. The father of this man had been in a respectable way of life, but his son wanted steadiness of character, and indeed good conduct, and had it not been for the kindness of his late Majesty, King William the fourth, he would have been reduced to poverty long before he was. T——y, through the interest of the king, then Duke of Clarence, was tried in several situations, but failed in them all. At last he was made a post-man, but was found drunk one evening with all his letters scattered about him, and of course lost his situation. He then took up the employment of rat-catcher,

for which, perhaps, he was better qualified than any other. His stock in trade consisted of some ferrets, and an old terrier dog, and a more extraordinary dog was seldom seen. He was rough, rather strongly made, and of a sort of cinnamon colour, having only one eye; his appearance being in direct contrast to what Bewick designates the *genteel* terrier. The other eye had a fluid constantly exuding from it, which made a sort of furrow down the side of his cheek. He always kept close to the heels of his master, hanging down his head, and appearing the personification of misery and wretchedness. He was, however, a wonderful vermin-killer, and wherever his master placed him, there he remained, waiting with the utmost patience and resignation, till an unfortunate rat bolted from the hole, which he instantly killed in a most philosophical manner. The poor dog had to undergo the vicissitudes of hard fare, amounting almost to starvation, of cold, rain, and other evils, but still he was always to be seen at his master's feet, and his fidelity to him was unshaken. No notice—no kind word, seemed to have any effect upon him if offered by a stranger, but he obeyed and understood the slightest signal from his owner. This

man was an habitual drunkard, at least whenever he could procure the means of becoming one. It was a cold, frosty night in November, when T——y was returning from a favourite ale-house, along one of the Thames Ditton lanes, some of which, owing to the flatness of the country, have deep ditches by their sides. Into one of these the unfortunate man staggered in a fit of brutal intoxication, and was drowned. When the body was discovered the next morning, the dog was seen using his best endeavours to drag it out of the ditch. He had probably been employed all night in this attempt, and in his efforts had torn the coat from the shoulders of his master. It should be mentioned that this faithful animal had saved his master's life on two former occasions, when he was nearly similarly circumstanced.

It may interest some of the readers of this little story, to be informed that a few years before the event, which has been related, took place, the unhappy man's wife died, leaving four very young children. She was a most industrious woman of excellent character, and her great misery on her death-bed was the reflection that these children, two boys, and two girls, would

be left to the care of her drunken husband. She was comforted, however, in her dying moments by one whose heart and hand have always been ready to relieve the distressed, with the assurance that her children should be taken care of. When the excellent Queen Adelaide, however, heard of the circumstance, she immediately sent for the four children, placed them under the charge of a proper person, has educated and maintained them, placed them in respectable situations in life, and has continued to be their friend to the present moment. This is one of numerous instances which could be related by the Author of Her Majesty's silent, but unbounded benevolence.

It is time, however, to resume my anecdotes of terriers.

A gentleman of my acquaintance had a favourite dog of this description, which generally slept in his bed-room. His master was in the habit of reading in bed. On calling upon him one morning, he took me into his bed-room, and shewed me his bed-curtains much burnt, and one of his sheets. The night before he had been reading the newspaper in bed, with a candle near him, and had gone to sleep. The news-

paper had fallen on the candle, and thus set fire to the curtain. He was awoke by his dog scratching him violently with his fore-feet, and was thus in time to call for assistance, and save the house from being burnt down, and also probably to save his own life.

A gentleman who had befriended an ill-used terrier, had acquired such an influence over the grateful dog, that he was obedient to the least look or sign of his master, and attached himself to him and his children in a most extraordinary manner. One of the children having behaved ill, his father attempted to put the boy out of the room, who made some resistance. The dog, seeing the bustle, supposed his master was going to beat the boy, and therefore tried to pull him away by the skirts of his coat, thus shewing his affection and sagacity at the same time.

Terriers appear to have a strong instinctive faculty of finding their way back to their homes, when removed from them to long distances, and even when they have seas to cross. There are instances of their having done this from France, Ireland and even Germany. Their powers of endurance, therefore, must be very great, and their energies as well as affections

equally strong. They have also an invincible perseverance in all they do, to which every fox-hunter will bear his testimony. In my youth, when following the hounds, I have delighted in witnessing the energy of a brace of terriers, who were sure to make their appearance at the slightest check, running with an ardour quite extraordinary, and incessant in their exertions to be with the busiest of the pack in their endeavours to find. If the fox takes to earth, the little brave terrier eagerly follows, and shews by his baying whether the fox lays deep or not, so that those who are employed in digging it out can act accordingly. In rabbit-shooting in thick furze or breaks, the terrier, as I have often witnessed, will take covert with the eagerness and impetuosity of a fox-hound. On one of these occasions, I saw an enormous wild-cat started, which a small terrier pursued, and never quitted, notwithstanding the unequal contest, till it was shot by a keeper. As vermin-killers, they are superior to all other dogs. The celebrated terrier, Billy, was known to have killed one hundred rats in seven minutes.

Nor are their affections less strong than their courage. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bath, had a

terrier, which produced a litter of four puppies. He ordered one of them to be drowned, which was done by throwing it into a pail of water, in which it was kept down by a mop till it appeared to be dead. It was then thrown into a dust-hole and covered with ashes. Two mornings afterwards, the servant discovered that the bitch had still four puppies, and amongst them was the one, which it was supposed had been drowned. It was conjectured that in the course of a short time the terrier had, unobserved, raked her whelp from the ashes, and had restored it to life.

It may be also mentioned, as an instance of courage and fidelity in a terrier, that as a gentleman was returning home, a man armed with a large stick, seized him by the breast and striking him a violent blow on the head, desired him instantly to deliver his watch and money. As he was preparing to repeat the blow, the terrier sprung at him, and seized him by the throat. His master at the same time giving the man a violent blow, he fell backwards and dropped his stick. The gentleman took it up, and ran off, followed by his dog, but not before the animal had torn off, and carried away in his mouth a portion of the man's waistcoat.

Mr. Morritt, well known to the readers of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, as his intimate and confidential friend, had two terriers of the Pepper and Mustard breed, or rather, as we prefer him to any other character Sir Walter Scott has delighted us with, the Dandy Dinmont breed. These dogs, (for we avoid the feminine appellation when we can,) were strongly attached to their excellent master and he to them. They were mother and daughter, and each produced a litter of puppies about the same time. Mr. Morritt was seriously ill at this period, and confined to his bed. Fond as these dogs were of their puppies, they had an equal affection to their master, and in order to prove to him that such was the case, they adopted the following expedient. They conveyed their two litters of puppies to one place, and while one of the mothers remained to suckle and take care of them, the other went into Mr. Morritt's bed-room and continued there from morning until the evening. When the evening arrived, she went and relieved the other dog, who then came into the bed-room, and remained quietly all night by the side of the bed, and this they continued to do day after day in succession.

This charming anecdote was communicated to me from a quarter, which cannot leave a doubt of its authenticity, and affords an affecting proof of gratitude and love in animals towards those who have treated them with kindness, and made them their friends. Such an anecdote as this should be sufficient to preserve dogs from much of the ill-treatment they meet with.

Another of the same breed of dogs evinced much sagacity on the following occasion.

His master occupied furnished lodgings near the Inns of Court in London. In the hurry of removing from them, neither he nor his servants thought of the dog, who was not in the way when they quitted the house. When the dog returned to it, finding his master gone, he trotted off to Kensington, where an intimate friend of his master resided, and very quietly and patiently made himself at home in the house. As he was well known, he was fed and taken care of, and at the end of three days his master called, and he then gladly went away with him.

In this instance, it is, I think, evident, that the dog possessed a sort of reasoning faculty, which in-

duced him to suppose that the best chance he had of finding his master, was by going to a place to which he had formerly accompanied him, and he was correct in his calculation.

This faculty was again exercised in the following manner.

A gentleman residing in the Tower of London, had a terrier which he one day lost about seven miles from town. The dog attached himself to a soldier, and, notwithstanding the man went to town in an omnibus, the dog followed the carriage. When the soldier alighted from it, he went to the barracks in St. James's Park, the dog continuing close behind him. On examining the collar, the name and residence of the owner of the dog were found on it. The soldier therefore brought him to the Tower, and gave the above particulars. From this account it may be supposed that the dog, having been familiar with the sight of Guardsmen at the Tower, had followed one of them in hopes that he belonged to that place, and therefore would conduct him to it.

The following is a proof not only of the kind disposition, but the sense of a terrier.

A gentleman, from whom I received the anecdote, was walking one day along a road in Lancashire, when he was *accosted*, if the term may be used, by a terrier dog. The animal's gesticulations were at first so strange and unusual, that he felt inclined to get out of its way. The dog, however, at last by various significant signs and expressive looks, made his meaning known, and the gentleman, to the dog's great delight, turned and followed him for a few hundred yards. He was led to the banks of a canal, which he had not before seen, and there he discovered a small dog struggling in the water for his life, and nearly exhausted by his efforts to save himself from drowning. The sides of the canal, were bricked, with a low parapet wall rather higher than the bank. The gentleman by stooping down, with some difficulty got hold of the dog and drew him out, his companion all the time watching the proceedings. It cannot be doubted, but that in this instance the terrier made use of the only means in his power to save the other dog, and this in a way which shewed a power of reasoning equally strong with that of a human being, under a similar circumstance.

I may here mention another instance of a terrier finding his way back to his former home.

A gentleman residing near York went to London, and on his return brought with him a young terrier dog, which had never been out of London. He brought him to York in one of the coaches, and thence conveyed him to his residence. Impatient of separation from his former master, he took the first opportunity of escaping from the stable in which he had been confined, and was seen running on the turnpike road towards York by the boy who had him in charge, and who followed him for some distance. A few days afterwards, the gentleman who had lost the dog received a letter from London acquainting him, that the dog was found lying at the door of his lodgings, his feet quite sore, and in a most emaciated condition.

A few years ago, a blind terrier dog was brought from Cashiobury Park near Watford, to Windsor. On arriving at the latter place he became very restless, and took the first opportunity of making his escape and, blind as he was, made his way back to Cashiobury Park, his native place.

A correspondent informs me, that whilst he was

taking a walk one summer's evening, he observed two rough looking men, having a bull dog with them, annoying a sickly looking young gentleman, who was accompanied by a terrier. The bull dog at last seized the latter, and would soon have killed it, had not my correspondent interfered. He was then informed that a few years previous, when his master was in bed, this little terrier came to his bed room door, and scratched and yelled to be admitted. When this had been done, he immediately rushed to a closet door in the room, at which he barked most furiously. His master, becoming alarmed, fastened the door, and having obtained the assistance of his servants, a notorious thief was discovered in the closet.

Mr. White, of Selborne, relates a pleasing anecdote of affection, which existed between two incongruous animals—a horse and a hen, and which shewed a mutual fellowship and kindness for each other. The following anecdote, communicated to me by a Clergyman in Devonshire, affords another proof of affection between two animals of opposite natures. I will give it in his own words.

“Some few months since it was necessary to con-

fine our little terrier bitch on account of distemper. The prison door was constructed of open bars, and shortly after the dog was placed in durance, we observed a bantam cock gazing compassionately at the melancholy inmate, who doubtless sadly missed its warm rug by the parlour fire. At last the bantam contrived to squeeze through the bars, and a friendship of a most unusual kind commenced. Pylades and Orestes, Nisus and Euryalus, could not have been bound by closer bonds of affection. The bantam scarcely forsook the poor prisoner's cell for its daily food, and when it did the dog became uneasy, whining till her friend returned, and then it was most amusing to watch the actions of the biped and quadruped. As the dog became worse, so did the bantam's attentions redouble, and by way of warming the dog, it took its place between the forelegs, and then the little animal settled luxuriously down on the bird, seeming to enjoy the warmth imparted by the feathers. In this position, and nestled closely side by side, did this curious pair pass some weeks till death put an end to the poor dog and this singular friendship. It must be added for the bantam's honour, that he was

most melancholy for some time afterwards." The same Clergyman also communicated to me the following anecdote illustrative of the sagacity of the Terrier.

He says, that "his brother-in-law has a house in Woburn Place, and another in the City, and also a wire-haired terrier, named Bob, who is endowed with extraordinary sagacity. The dog's knowledge of London and his adventures would form a little history. His master was in the habit, occasionally, of spending a few days at Gravesend, but did not always take his dog with him. Bob not liking to be left behind went one day to London Bridge, and out of the numerous steamers, boarded the Gravesend boat, disembarked at that place, went to the accustomed inn, and not finding his master, went on board the steamer again and returned to town. He then called at several places usually frequented by his master, and afterwards went to Woburn Place. He has frequently been stolen, but always returns, sometimes in sad plight, with a broken cord round his neck, and with signs of ill usage, but still he contrives to escape from the dog-stealers."

This reminds me of an anecdote of my handsome

terrier, Peter, of whom mention has already been made. I came to reside in town for a few months, and Peter was conveyed there in a carriage. We had not been in the house half an hour, when he was missed, and I could hear no tidings of him for a fortnight, although hand-bills were distributed and a reward offered. At the end of that time, Peter rushed into the parlour overjoyed to see us, but looking miserably thin and ill used. That the dog should have found his way back is not a little surprising, considering that he had never before been in London, and so short time in the house we occupied.

The following anecdote proves the kind disposition of a terrier. A kitten, only a few hours old, had been put into a pail of water, in the stable-yard of an inn, for the purpose of drowning it. It had remained there for a minute or two, until it was to all appearance dead, when a terrier bitch, attached to the stables, took the kitten from the water, and carried it off in her mouth. She suckled and watched over it with great care, and it throve well. The dog was at the same time suckling a puppy about ten weeks old, but which did not seem at all displeased with the intruder.

I had once an opportunity of witnessing the sense of a terrier. I was riding on Sunbury Common, where many roads diverge, when a terrier ran up, evidently in pursuit of his master. On arriving at one of the three roads, he put his nose to the ground and snuffed along it—he then went to the second and did the same, but when he came to the third, he ran along it as fast as he could without once putting down his nose to the ground. This fact has been noticed by others, but I never before witnessed it myself.

The foreman of a brick-maker, at Erith in Kent, went from home in company with his wife, and left her at the Plough at Northend with his brother, while he proceeded across the fields to inspect some repairs at a cottage. In about an hour after his departure, his dog, a small Scotch terrier, which had accompanied him, returned to the Plough, jumped into the lap of his mistress, pawed her about, and whined piteously. She at first took no particular notice of the animal, but pushed him from her. He then caught hold of her clothes, pulled at them repeatedly, and continued to whine incessantly. He endeavoured, also, in a similar way to attract the attention of the brother.

At last all present noticed his importunate anxiety, and the wife then said, she was convinced something had happened to her husband. The brother and the wife, with several others, went out and followed the dog, who led them, through the darkness of the night, which was very great, to the top of a precipice, nearly fifty feet deep; and standing on the bank, held his head over, and howled in a most distressing manner. They were convinced that the poor man had fallen over, and, having gone round to the bottom of the pit, they found him, lying under the spot indicated by the dog, quite dead.



THE SPANIEL.

“ Though once a puppy and a fop by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim ;
No sycophant, although of Spanish race ;
And though no hound, a martyr to the chase.
Ye pheasants, rabbits, leverets rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice,
This record of his fate, exulting view —
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.
‘ Yes,’ the indignant shade of *Fop* replies,
‘ And worn with *vain pursuits*, man also dies.’ ”

COWPER.

POOR DOLL ! the very name of spaniel reminds me of you. How well do I now see your long pendent ears, your black expressive eyes, your short well rounded mouth, your diminutive but strong legs, almost hidden by the long silky hair from your stomach, and hear you *sing* as you lay on the rug before a good fire in the winter, after a hard day’s cock or snipe shooting, wet and tired with your indefatigable exertions ! Yes—strange as it may sound, Doll would sing in her way. Having discovered that by gently pulling one of her

ears as she thus lay before the fire, she uttered plaintive sounds, which told me plainly that she did not want to be disturbed, I made her vary them by more roughly shaking her head, and such was her sagacity, that in process of time when I said, "sing Doll," she gave vent to the sounds, and varied them as I exclaimed, "louder, louder." All this time she appeared to be fast asleep. There is one alive, and long may he remain so, who can vouch for the truth of this anecdote, and who was as fond of Doll as I was myself. And what a dog she was in thick cover, or in rushy swamps! No day was too long for her, nor could a woodcock or snipe escape her "unerring nose :"—

" Still her unerring nose would wind it —
If above ground was sure to find it."

Mons. Blaze also tells us, that a gentleman had a dog which he taught to utter a particular musical note, and that the animal made a cry which very much resembled it. He then sounded another note close to the ear of the dog, saying to him, "too high or too low," according to the degree of intonation. The ani-

mal finished by pretty correctly giving the note which was required.

An account is given in the "Bibliothèque Universelle," of a spaniel, who, if he heard any one play or sing a certain air, (*L'âne de notre moulin est mort, la pauvre bête*, etc.) which is a lamentable ditty, in the minor key, the dog looked very pitifully, then gaped repeatedly, shewing increasing signs of impatience and uneasiness. He would then sit upright on his hinder legs, and begin to howl louder and louder till the music stopped. No other air ever affected him, and he never noticed any music till the air in question was played or sung. He then manifested, without exception or variation, the series of actions which have been described.

I knew a dog which howled whenever it was pitied, and another whose ear was so sensitive, that it could never bear to hear me make a moaning noise. I have likewise seen a dog affected by peculiar notes played on a violoncello.

It is only now and then that such dogs as Doll are to be met with, and when they are, they are invaluable, either as sporting dogs or as companions. In

the latter capacity, Doll was quite delightful. In an early May morning, when she knew that no shooting was going forward, she would frisk around me as I strolled in a meadow, gay with my favourite cowslips, or run before me as I passed along a lane, where primroses were peeping out of its mossy sides, looking back every now and then to see if I was following her. There was the dew still glittering on the flowers, which from their situation had not yet felt the influence of the morning sun, reminding me of some favourite lines by my favourite poet, Herrick:—

“ Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.”

How delightful it is to think of these bygone walks, and how pleasant to call to mind these traits of a favourite and faithful animal? The poet Cowper was never more engaging than when he describes his vain attempts to reach the flower of a water-lilly, as he was strolling along the banks of a stream attended by his spaniel, and afterwards discovering that

the sagacious animal had been in the river and plucked it for him.

Another instance of wonderful sagacity in this breed of dogs may be here noticed.

A gentleman shooting wild fowl one day on a lake in Ireland, was accompanied by a sagacious spaniel. He wounded a wild-duck, which swam about the lake and dived occasionally, followed by the dog. The bird at last got to some distance, and lowered itself in the water, as ducks are known to do when they are wounded and pursued, leaving nothing but his head out of it. The dog swam about for some time in search of his prey, but all scent was lost, and he obeyed his master's call, and returned to the shore. He had no sooner arrived there, however, than he ran with the greatest eagerness to the top of some high ground close to the lake. On arriving there, he was seen looking round in every direction, and having at last perceived the spot where the duck was endeavouring to conceal itself, he again rushed into the water, made directly to the spot he had previously marked, and at last succeeded in securing the wounded bird.

A spaniel which had been kindly treated and fed,

during the absence of his master, in the kitchen of a neighbour, shewed his gratitude not only by greeting the cook when he met her, but on one occasion, he laid down a bird at her feet, which he had caught, wagged his tail and departed, thus shewing that he had not forgotten the favours he had received.

The late Rev. Mr. Corsellis, of Wivenhoe in Essex, had an old game-keeper who had reared a spaniel, and which was his constant companion both by day and night. Whenever the keeper appeared, Dash was close behind him, and was of infinite use in his master's nocturnal excursions. The game at that time was never regarded, although in the day no spaniel would find it in better style, or in a greater quantity. If at night, however, a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, Dash, by a significant whine, informed his master that an enemy was abroad, and thus many poachers have been detected. After many years of friendly connection, the keeper was seized with a disease which terminated in death. Whilst the slow, but fatal progress of his disorder allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his footsteps; and when nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, the

faithful animal unwearily attended at the foot of it. When he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay on the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he could be induced to eat any food, and though after the burial he was caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room where his old master died. Here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave. At the end however of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shewn him, the poor faithful animal died, a victim, we may well suppose, of grief for the loss of his master.

In recording such an instance of affection, it is impossible not to feel regret that animals, capable of so much attachment, should ever be subjected to ill usage. Whenever they are treated with kindness and affection, they are ready to return it four-fold. It is generally ill-treatment which produces ferocity or indifference, and the former must be very great before the love of their master can be conquered.

Spaniels in cover are merry and cheerful companions, all life and animation. They hunt, they frisk about,

watching the movements of their master, and are indefatigable in their exertions to find game for him. Their neat shape, their beautiful coats, their cleanly habits, their insinuating attention, incessant attendance, and faithful obedience, insure for them general favour. It is almost impossible, therefore, not to have the greatest attachment and affection for them, especially as few dogs evince so much sagacity, sincerity, patience, fidelity and gratitude. From the time they are thrown off in the field, as a proof of the pleasure they feel in being employed, the tail is in perpetual motion, and upon the increased vibration of which, the experienced sportsman well knows when he is getting nearer to the game. As the dog approaches it, the more energetic he becomes. Tremulous whimpers escape him as a matter of doubt occurs, and he is all eagerness, as he hits again on the scent. The Clumber breed of spaniels have long been celebrated for their strength and power of indurance, their unerring nose, and for hunting mute, a great qualification where game abounds. This breed has been preserved in its purity by the successive Dukes of Newcastle, and may be considered as an aristocratic *apanage* to

their country seats. Nor should the fine breed of spaniels belonging to the Earl of Albemarle be passed by in silence. They are black and tan, of a large size, with long ears, and very much feathered about the legs. They are excellent retrievers, and those who have seen, will not soon forget, Mr. Landseer's charming picture of Lord Albemarle's celebrated dog Chancellor, and one of his progeny, holding a dead rabbit between them, as if equally eager to bring it to their amiable master. These dogs, like those of the Clumber breed, hunt mute, and seldom range out of shot.

While on the subject of Lord Albemarle's breed of dogs, I may mention again the extraordinary fact which I noticed in a former work, and which I witnessed myself. I allude to the circumstance of a favourite dog having died after producing a litter of puppies, which were adopted, suckled, and brought up by a young bitch of the same breed, who never had any whelps of her own, or indeed was in the way of having any. The flow of milk of the foster' mother was quite sufficient for the sustenance of the adopted offspring, and enabled her to support and bring them up with as

much care and affection as if they had been her own. Here was an absence of that *notus odor*, which enables animals to distinguish their young from those of others, and also of that distension of milk which makes the suckling their young so delightful to them. Indeed it may be observed how beautifully and providentially it has been ordered, that the process of suckling their young is as pleasurable to the parent animal, as it is essential to the support of the infant progeny. The mammæ of animals become painful when over distended with milk. Drawing off that fluid removes positive uneasiness, and affords positive pleasure. In the present instance, however, nothing of the sort was the case, and therefore we can only look to that kindliness of disposition and intelligence, with which many animals are so strongly endowed, as the reason of the singular adoption referred to. I am aware that this fact has been doubted, but it is too well known and authenticated to admit of the possibility of any mistake. In this instance it must be allowed that the usually defined bounds of instinct were exceeded. If so, distress at hearing the cries of the helpless young, must have acted forcibly on the kindly feelings of a poor

brute, and thus induced her to act in the manner I have described.

Spaniels, like other dogs, possess the power of finding their way to their homes from distances of considerable extent, and over ground they have not before traversed.

A gentleman, residing at Worcester, had a favourite spaniel which he brought with him to London inside the coach. After having been in town a day or two, he missed the dog, and wrote to acquaint his family at Worcester of his loss. He received an answer informing him that he need not distress himself about "Rose," as she had arrived at her old house at Worcester five days after she had been lost in London, but very thin and out of condition. This same dog was a great favourite, and much domesticated. She formed a friendship with the cat, and when before the fire, the latter would lie down in the most familiar manner by the side of the dog. When the dog had puppies, the cat was in the habit of suckling her, and it happened more than once, that both had young ones at the same time, when the cat might be seen suckling the bitch, and the kittens taking their nourishment from the cat.

A friend of mine, who then resided in South Wales, had a team of spaniels, which he used for woodcock shooting. As he was leaving the country for a considerable length of time, he gave permission to some of his neighbours to take out his spaniels when they wanted them. One of these was a remarkably good dog, but of rather a surly disposition, and had, in consequence, been but little petted or noticed by his master. Notwithstanding this, nothing could induce him either to follow or hunt with those to whom he was lent. In order, therefore, to make him of any use, it was necessary to get his feeder to accompany the shooting party, and the dog would then take to hunt in cover, but if this man returned home, the dog would find it out and be there before him. At the end of nearly six years, his master returned into Wales, and near the house, discovered his old dog apparently asleep. Knowing his ferocious disposition, he did not venture to go close to him, but called him by name, which did not appear to excite the animal's attention. No sooner, however, did the dog hear an old exciting *cover-call*, than he jumped up, sprang to his old master, and shewed his affection for him in every possible way.

When the shooting season came, he proved himself to be as good a dog as ever.

Mons. Blaze says, that a fondness for the chase does not always make a dog forget his fidelity to his master. He was one day shooting wild-ducks with a friend near Versailles, when, as soon as the first shot was fired, a fine spaniel dog joined and began to caress them. They shot during the whole day, and the dog hunted with the greatest zeal and alacrity. Supposing him to be a stray dog, they began to think of appropriating him to themselves, but as soon as the sport was over, the dog ran away. They afterwards discovered that he belonged to one of the keepers, who was confined to his house by illness. His duty, however, was to shoot ducks on one particular day of the week, when he was accompanied by this spaniel; he lived six miles from the spot, and the dog, knowing the precise day, had come there to enjoy his usual sport, and then returned to his master.

A friend of mine has a small spaniel, which very recently shewed great sagacity. This dog, which is much attached to him, was left under the care of a servant, while his master paid a visit of a few weeks

in Hampshire. The poor animal was so miserable during his absence, that he was informed of it, and directed the dog to be sent to him in a hamper, which was done. He was overjoyed at the sight of his kind master, and remained perfectly contented at his new abode. When preparations were making for his departure, the day before it took place, the dog was evidently aware of what was going forward, and shewed his dread of being again left behind, by keeping as close as possible to the feet of his master during the evening. On getting up very early the next morning, before daylight, he found on opening his door that the fearful animal was lying at it, although it was winter, and very cold. At breakfast the dog not only nestled against his feet, but rubbed himself so much against them, that he was at last turned out of the room. On going into his dressing-room, where the dog had been in the habit of sleeping in a warm basket before a good fire, he found him coiled up in his portmanteau, which had been left open nearly packed.

In this instance the animal's knowledge of what was going forward was very evident, and his fear of being left behind could not be more strongly expressed, thus

affording another proof that animals are possessed of a faculty much beyond mere instinct.

A gentleman lately communicated to me the following fact. His avocations frequently took him by the side of St. Bride's Church-yard in London. Whenever he passed it, in the course of some two or three years, he always saw a spaniel at one particular grave—it was the grave of his master. There, month after month, and year after year, did this faithful animal remain, as if to guard the remains of the being he loved. No cold, however severe, no rain, however violent, no sun, however hot, could drive this affectionate creature from a spot which was so endeared to him. The good-natured sexton of the church-yard, (and the fact is recorded to his honour) brought food daily to the dog, and then pitying his exposure to the weather, scooped out a hole by the side of the grave, and thatched it over. This anecdote would form a pretty picture of fidelity and kindness, and there is one, (I need not mention Mr. Landseer) who would do justice to it.

In recording this anecdote, I may remark that the dogs of poor people generally shew more attachment

to their masters than those of the rich. Their fidelity appears greater, and more lasting. Misery would seem to tighten the cord of affection between them. They both suffer the same privations together of hunger, cold and thirst, but these never shake the affection of a dog for his master. The animal's resignation is perfect, and his love unbounded. How beautifully has Sir Walter Scott described the affection of a dog for his master, who fell down a precipice in a fog near the Helvellyn Mountains in Cumberland, and was dashed to pieces. It was not till more than three months afterwards that his remains were discovered, and his faithful dog was still guarding them.

“ Dark green was the spot ’mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch’d in decay ;
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon’d to weather,
’Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay,
Nor yet quite deserted, tho’ lonely extended,
For faithful in death his mute fav’rite attended,
The much lov’d remains of his master defended,
And chas’d the hill fox and the raven away.”

Nor are the two preceding anecdotes solitary instances of the affection of dogs for their departed mas-

ters. Mr. Youatt, in his work on "Humanity to Brutes," which does him so much credit, has recorded the following fact, very similar to the one already given.

Opposite to the house of a gentleman, near the churchyard of St. Olave, Southwark, where the receptacles of humanity are in many parts dilapidated, was an aperture just large enough to admit a dog. It led along a kind of sink to a dark cavity, close to which a person had recently been buried. It was inhabited by his dog, who was to be seen occasionally moving into, or out of the cavern, which he had taken possession of the day of the funeral. How he obtained any food during the first two or three months no one knew, but he at length attracted the attention of a gentleman who lived opposite, and who ordered his servant regularly to supply the dog with food. He used, after a while, to come occasionally to this house for what was provided for him. He was not sullen, but there was a melancholy expression in his countenance, which, once observed, would never be forgotten. As soon as he had finished his hasty meal, he would gaze for a moment on his benefactor. It was an expressive look, but one which could not be misunderstood. It con-

veyed all the thanks that a broken heart could give. He then entombed himself once more for three or four days, when he crawled out again with his eyes sunk and his coat dishevelled. Two years he remained faithful to the memory of the being he had lost, and then, according to the most authentic account of him, having been missing several days, he was found dead in his retreat.

In the "Notes of a Naturalist," published in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, a work which cannot be too much commended for its utility, and the agreeable information it contains, is the following anecdote, which I give with the remarks of the Author upon it.

"It appears to me, that in the general manifestations of the animal mind, some one of the senses is employed in preference to the others—that sense, for instance, which is most acute and perfect in the animal. In the dog, for example, the sense of smell predominates, and we accordingly find that, through the medium of this sense, his mental faculties are most commonly exercised. A gentleman had a favourite spaniel, which for a long time was in the habit of accompanying him in all his walks, and became his

attached companion. This gentleman had occasion to leave home, and was absent for more than a year, during which time he had never seen the dog. On his return along with a friend, while yet at a little distance from the house, they perceived the spaniel lying beside the gate. He thought that this would be a good opportunity of testing the memory of his favourite, and he accordingly arranged with his companion, who was quite unknown to the dog, that they should both walk up to the animal, and express no signs of recognition. As they both approached nearer, the dog started up, and gazed at them attentively, but he discovered no signs of recognition, even at their near approach. At last he came up to the stranger, put his nose close to his clothes, and smelt him, without any signs of emotion. He then did the same to his old master, but no sooner had he smelt him, than recognition instantly took place; he leaped up to his face repeatedly, and shewed symptoms of the most extravagant joy. He followed him into the house, and watched his every movement, and could by no means be diverted from his person. Here, was an instance of deficient memory through the organs of sight, but an accurate

recollection through the organs of smell." In a preceding anecdote, I have recorded an instance of a spaniel recognizing the voice of his master after a lapse of six years. In that case, it was evident that the recollection of a particular sound, enabled the dog to know his master, without having had recourse to the sense of smelling, which, however, would probably have been equally available had it been exercised.

A spaniel belonging to a medical gentleman, with whom I am acquainted, residing at Richmond in Surrey, was in the habit of accompanying him when he went out at night to visit his patients. If he was shut out of the house of a patient, as was frequently the case, he would return home, and whatever the hour of the night might be, he would take the knocker in his mouth, and knock till the door was opened. It should be mentioned that the knocker was below a half glazed door, so that it was easily within the dog's reach.

The following anecdote, which was sent me by the gentleman who witnessed the occurrence, proves the sense, and observation of a spaniel. He possessed one which was a great favourite, and a constant companion

in all his rambles. One day, in passing through a field of young turnips, he pulled up one of them, and after washing it carefully in a rivulet, he cut off the top, and eat the other part. During this time the dog eyed him attentively, and then proceeded to one of the growing turnips, drew it from the earth, went up briskly to the rivulet, and after dashing it about some time till he caused the water to froth considerably, he laid it down, and holding the turnip inverted, and by the top, he deliberately gnawed the whole of it off, and left the top, thus closely imitating the actions of his master.

A gentleman, who generally resided at Boston in Lincolnshire, had also a house at Chepstow in Monmouthshire, to which he occasionally went in the summer. While at the latter place, a small spaniel dog, which a friend at Chepstow had given him, was taken on his return in a carriage to Boston. On the Sunday evening after the arrival at that place, the spaniel was attacked by a large dog, when out walking with his master on the river bank, and ran away. Nothing was heard of him until the receipt of a letter from Chepstow, announcing his arrival at that place in a

famished and travel-worn condition. The distance is one hundred and eighty-four miles.

It is impossible in a work on dogs, to omit the insertion of some pretty lines on a spaniel by Miss Barrett, and which do so much credit to her kindly feelings and poetic talents.

“ Yet, my pretty sportive friend,

Little is't to such an end

That I praise thy rareness !

Other dogs may be thy peers

Haply in those drooping ears,

And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,

This dog watched beside a bed

Day and night unwearied, —

Watched within a curtain'd room

Where no sunbeam broke the gloom

Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gather'd for a vase,

In that chamber died apace,

Beam and breeze resigning —

This dog only, waited on,

Knowing that when light is gone,

Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Track'd the hares and follow'd through
Sunny moor or meadow —
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear
Up the woodside hieing —
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly utter'd speech,
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double,—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble."

I will conclude this account of spaniels with the following anecdote of one related by Mr. Bell in his history of quadrupeds.

A friend of his had one of these dogs remarkable for its intelligence. While travelling on the Continent, attended by this dog, he took out his purse before he

left his lodging. While dining at a coffee house, he missed a louis-d'or, which he searched for but could not find. On returning to his lodging in the evening where he had left his dog, his servant let him in with a face of sorrow, and told him that the animal must be very ill as she had not eaten any thing all the day, yet would not suffer him to take the food away from before her, but had been lying with her nose close to the vessel, without attempting to touch it. On her master's entering the room, she instantly jumped upon him, laid a louis-d'or at his feet, and then devoured her food with great voracity.





THE POODLE.

With all the graces of his fatherland ;
With well cut coat, and ever ready hand —
See — the French *poodle* sports his life away ;
Obedient — wise — affectionate — and gay.

CHRONICLES OF ANIMALS.

THESE dogs, like all others, possess many amiable qualities, and are remarkable for the facility with which they learn several amusing tricks, and for their extraordinary sagacity. This latter quality has frequently made them a great source of profit to their masters, so that it may be said of them, “ c’est encore une des plus profitables manières d’être chien qui existent.” A proof of this is related by M. Blaze in his history of the dog, and was recorded by myself many years before his work appeared.

A shoe-black on the Pont Neuf at Paris had a poodle dog, whose sagacity brought no small profit to his master. If the dog saw a person with well polished boots go across the bridge, he contrived to

dirty them, by having first rolled himself in the mud of the Seine. His master was then employed to clean them. An English gentleman, who had suffered more than once from the annoyance of having his boots dirtied by a dog, was at last induced to watch his proceedings, and thus detected the tricks he was playing for his master's benefit. He was so much pleased with the animal's sagacity, that he purchased him at a high price and conveyed him to London. On arriving there, he was confined to the house till he appeared perfectly satisfied with his new master and his new situation. He at last, however, contrived to escape, and made his way back to Paris, where he rejoined his old master, and resumed his former occupation. I was at Paris some years ago, where this anecdote was related to me, and it is now published in the records of the French Institute.

Nor is this a solitary instance of the extraordinary sagacity of the poodle. A lady of my acquaintance had one for many years, who was her constant companion both in the house and in her walks. When, however, either from business or indisposition, her mistress did not take her usual walk on Wimbledon

Common, the dog by jumping on a table, took down the maid servant's bonnet, and held it in her mouth, till she accompanied the animal to the Common.

A friend of mine had a poodle dog, who was not very obedient to his call when he was taken out to run in the fields. A small whip was therefore purchased, and the dog one day was chastised with it. The whip was placed on a table in the hall of the house, and the next morning it could not be found. It was soon afterwards discovered in the coal cellar. The dog was a second time punished with it, and again the whip was missed. It was afterwards discovered that the dog had attempted to hide the instrument by which pain had been inflicted on him. There certainly appears a strong approach to reason in this proceeding of the dog. *Cause* and *effect* seem to have been associated in his mind, if his mode of proceeding may be called an effort of it.

The following anecdotes prove the strong affection and perseverance of the poodle. The late Duke of Argyll had a favourite dog of this description, who was his constant companion. This dog, on the occasion of one of the Duke's journies to Inverary Castle,

was, by some accident or mistake, left behind in London. On missing his master, the faithful animal set off in search of him, and made his way into Scotland, and was found early one morning at the gate of the castle. The anecdote is related by the family and a picture shewn of the dog.

A poor German artist who was studying at Rome, had a poodle dog, who used to accompany him, when his funds would allow it, to an ordinary frequented by other students. Here the dog got scraps enough to support him. His master, not being able to support the expense, discontinued his visits to the ordinary. His dog fared badly in consequence, and at last his master returned to his friends in Germany, leaving his dog behind him. The poor animal slept at the top of the stairs leading to his master's room, but watched in the day time at the door of the ordinary, and when he saw his former acquaintances crowding in, he followed at their heels, and thus gained admittance and was fed till his owner came back to resume his studies.

A gentleman possessed a poodle dog and a terrier, between whom a great affection existed. When

the terrier was shut up, as was sometimes the case, the poodle always hid such bones or meat as he could procure, and afterwards brought the terrier to the spot where they were concealed. He was constantly watched, and observed to do this act of kindness.

The sagacity of the poodle is strongly shewn by the following fact. Mr. B——t, who was constantly in the habit of making tours on the continent, was accompanied in his journies, by a poodle dog. In one of his journies, he was seated at a table d'hôte next to a person whose conversation he found so agreeable, that a sort of intimacy sprung up between them. The dog, however, for the first time he had ever done so to any one, shewed a dislike to the stranger, and so much so, that Mr. B——t could not help remarking it. In the course of his tour, he again fell in with the stranger, when the intimacy was renewed, and Mr. B——t offered him a seat in his carriage as they were both going the same way. No sooner, however, had the stranger entered the carriage, than the dog shewed an increased dislike of him, which was continued during the course of

the journey. At night they slept at a small inn in a wild and but somewhat little frequented country, and on separating in the evening to go to their respective beds, the poodle evinced the greatest anger, and was with difficulty restrained from attacking the stranger. In the middle of the night Mr. B——t was awoke by a noise in his room, and there was light enough for him to perceive that his dog had seized his travelling companion, who, upon being threatened, confessed that he had entered the room for the purpose of endeavouring to purloin Mr. B——t's money, of which he was aware that he possessed a considerable quantity. This is not a solitary instance of an instinctive faculty which enables dogs to discriminate, by shewing a strong dislike, the characters of particular individuals.

A friend has sent me the following account of a poodle he once had.

“Many years ago, I had a poodle who was an excellent retriever. He was a middle sized, active dog, a first rate *waterman*, with a nose so particularly sensitive, that no object, however minute, could escape its ‘delicate investigation.’ Philip was the

hardiest animal in the world — no sea would prevent him from carrying a dead bird through the boiling breakers, and I have seen him follow and secure a wounded mallard, although in the attempt his legs were painfully scarified in breaking through a field of ice scarcely the thickness of a crown-piece. Philip, though of French extraction, had decidedly Irish partialities. He delighted in a glass of grog; and no matter with what labour and constancy he had returned from retrieving, he still enjoyed a glass of punch. When he had drank it, he was in high glee, running round and round to try and catch his own tail, and even then allowing the cat to approach him, which he was by no means disposed to do at other times."

When my daughter was in Germany, she sent me the following interesting anecdote of a poodle, the accuracy of which she had an opportunity of ascertaining.

An inhabitant of Dresden had a poodle that he was fond of and had always treated kindly. For some reason or another, he gave her to a friend of his, a countryman in Possenderf, who lived three

leagues from Dresden. This person, who well knew the great attachment of the dog to her former master, took care to keep her tied up, and would not let her leave the house till he thought she had forgotten him. During this time, the poodle had young ones, three in number, which she nourished with great affection, and appeared to bestow upon them her whole attention, and to have entirely given up her former uneasiness at her new abode. From this circumstance her owner thought she had forgotten her old master, and therefore no longer kept her a close prisoner. One morning, however, the poodle was missing, and also the three young ones, and nothing was heard of her for a few days. One morning his friend came to him from Dresden, and informed him that the preceding evening the poodle had come to his house with one of the puppies in her mouth, and that another had been found dead on the road to Possenderf. It appeared that the dog had started in the night, carrying the puppies (who were not able to walk) one after the other, a certain distance on the road to Dresden, with the evident intention of conveying them all to her much loved home and master. The third puppy was never

found, and was supposed to have been carried off by some wild animal or bird, while the poor mother was in advance with the others. The dead one had apparently perished from cold.

The late Dr. Chisholm of Canterbury had a remarkable poodle, which a correspondent informs me he has often seen. On one occasion, he was told for the first time to fetch his master's slippers by way of trial. He went up stairs and brought down one only. He was told "you have brought one only, go and fetch the other," and the other was brought. The next evening the dog was again told to bring the slippers. He went up stairs, put one slipper within the other, and brought both down. This dog appeared to understand much of our language. When dining with Dr. Chisholm and others, his intelligence was put to the proof by my correspondent. Some one would hide an article, open the door, and bring in the dog, saying, "find so and so." The poodle used to look up steadily in the face of the speaker, until he was told whether the article was hid high or low, he would then search either on the ground, or on the chairs and furniture, and bring the article, never taking any notice of any

other thing that was lying about. If told to do so, he would go up stairs and bring a snuff-box, stick, pocket-handkerchief or any thing, understanding as readily what was said to him as if spoken to a servant.

Another poodle would go through the agonies of dying in a very correct manner. When he was ordered to die, he would tumble over on one side, and then stretch himself out, and move his hind-legs in such a way as expressed that he was in great pain, first slowly, and afterwards very quickly. After a few convulsive throbs, indicated by putting his head and whole body in motion, he would stretch out all his limbs, and cease to move, as if he had expired, lying on his back, with his legs turned upwards. In this situation he remained motionless until he had his master's commands to get up.

A nobleman, who served in the Peninsular war, had a poodle which was taken from the grave of his master, a French officer, who fell at the battle of Salamanca, and was buried on the spot. The dog had remained on the grave until he was nearly starved, and even then was removed with difficulty. Another poodle remained by the body of his master, who fell in one of the battles

in Spain, and defended it till he was killed himself; so faithful are these animals in protecting the remains of those they loved.

Mr. Blaine, in his "Account of Dogs," says, that "strange as it may appear, it is no less true, that a poodle dog actually scaled the high buildings of my residence in Wells Street, Oxford Street, proceeded along several roofs of houses, and made his way down by progressive but very considerable leaps into distant premises, from whence by watching and stratagem, he gained the street, and returned home in order to join his mistress, for whose sake he encountered these great risks."

I am always glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of my correspondents, and which I now do to the very kind Clergyman who sent me the following anecdote, which I give in his own words.

"I have a distinct remembrance of Froll or Frolic, a dog belonging to an aged relation, once the property of her deceased only son, which animal in his earlier days doubtless gave evidence that his name was not given him unadvisably, but during the yearly visits

of myself to that kind and indulgent person, I can remember nothing but a rather small though fat unwieldy poodle, whose curly, glossy coat (preserved after his death) long yellow ears and black nose, the rest of his body being perfectly white, betokened that he had been a beauty in his time. Froll was still a prodigious favourite with his mistress, although I confess my feelings towards him were generally rather those of fear than any other, for to touch him was quite sufficient to evoke a growl, or perchance a snap from this pet of a dozen years or more. A cross, snappish fellow he was at best, and well he knew the length of Trusty the house dog's chain, which less favoured quadruped was never let loose by day, from a well grounded fear that he might, if allowed, resent, by summary punishment, the constant insults he was doomed to submit to from this most petted and presumptuous myrmidon of the drawing-room. With all this, although time and over feeding had soured his temper, Froll still retained much of, if not all, his former intelligence, (a trait so peculiar to his species) declared by many forgotten, but long ago much vaunted proofs of his being a wonder in his way, and by strong attachment to his mistress,

combined with many airs and whims, which latter are not confined to the canine genus, but evinced by most spoilt and favoured creatures even of a higher grade. One of his peculiarities was a fondness for apples, not indeed all apples, but those which grew on a particular tree, called Froll's tree and no others; this tree was by the way the best in the garden, and the small, sweet, delicate fruit therefrom, (my reminiscence is distinct on this point) were carefully preserved for this canine favourite. Nothing would entice him to eat any other sort of apple. And in the season he would constantly urge his mistress into the garden by repeated barking and other unmistakable symptoms. His daily meals too, of which I think there were three regular ones, were events in themselves, the careful attention to which tended perhaps to relieve the monotony of a country life; they are indeed not speedily to be forgotten by those who witnessed them. He would take food from no one but his mistress or her maid, which latter person was his chief purveyor, who had been an inmate of the house cotemporary with himself, or I believe long before; but this feeding was generally a task of great trouble, such coaxing and humouring

on the one hand, such growling and snarling on the other, has been perhaps seldom heard. At length after much beseeching on the part of the maid, and a few words of entreaty from the mistress, he would condescend to eat, but never I believe without some symptoms of discontent, how savoury soever the morsel, submitting to that as a favour, which is generally snatched at and devoured with so much gusto and avidity by most others of his tribe. I should not have entered into any of these peculiarities, which seem scarce worth any thing as evidence of any peculiar intelligence beyond that of many other dogs, were it not that the circumstances attending his death were really extraordinary, the more so from the character of the dog as sketched above; and as we have so often heard of a presentiment of that great change being strongly imprinted on human minds, so there were not wanting some of the then inmates of the house, who attributed his unwonted behaviour on the eve of his death to the same cause. The dog slept constantly in his mistress' bed-room, but contrary to custom on the night in question he pertinaciously refused to remain there. My brother and myself, who were then little boys, were

to our great surprise aroused in the course of the night by an unwonted scratching at the door of our apartment, which we immediately opened, and to our equal delight and wonder were saluted by Froll's jumping up and licking our hands and faces; certainly he never appeared in better health and spirits in his life. Whether he did this to atone for his former uncourteous behaviour towards us, or was urged by some unaccountable feeling of amiability as well as restlessness, I cannot say, but certain it is his gentler faculties were that night for once aroused, for this unaccustomed compliment I can safely affirm I never remember to have personally experienced at any former period of our acquaintance. After a time he left us, charmed at experiencing these new and flattering demonstrations, which joy was alas! doomed to be sadly and speedily extinguished. When the morning came the distressed countenance of the servant, who called us, portended some evil tidings, which was quickly followed by the unexpected intelligence of the demise of poor Froll. We hastily accompanied the servant into the coachman's sleeping apartment, and there under the bed lay the poor dog; it had pleased him to go there to die,

having previously aroused every individual in the house during the night by scratching at their several chambers, one after another, and saluting them in the same amiable manner he had my brother and myself."

This anecdote could be well authenticated by most of the persons then in the house, who are still alive.



ESQUIMAUX DOGS.



THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

“It is curious that almost every nation on earth has some particular traditions regarding the dog. We find that even the Esquimaux, a nation inhabiting the polar regions, have a singular fable amongst them respecting this animal.”

DR. RICHARDSON, in his American Fauna, mentions as a curious fact, that those Indian nations, who still preserve their ancient mode of life, have dogs which bear a strong resemblance to wolves. Thus it is with the Esquimaux dogs. They are extremely like the grey wolves of the Arctic Circle in form and colour, and nearly equalling them in size. They also bear some resemblance to the Pomeranian breed, although the latter are much smaller.

Captain Lyon, who had so many opportunities of studying the habits of the Esquimaux dog, has given so interesting an account of it, that I cannot do better than quote his own words.

“Having myself possessed, during our hard winter, a team of eleven fine dogs, I was enabled to become

better acquainted with their good qualities than could possibly have been the case by the casual visits of the Esquimaux to the ships. The form of the Esquimaux dog is very similar to that of our shepherd's dogs in England, but it is more muscular and broad chested, owing to the constant and severe work to which he is brought up. His ears are pointed, and the aspect of the head is somewhat savage. In size, a fine dog is about the height of the Newfoundland breed, but broad like a mastiff in every part except the nose. The hair of the coat is in summer, as well as in winter, very long, but during the cold season, a soft downy under covering is found, which does not appear in warm weather. Young dogs are put into harness as soon as they can walk, and being tied up, soon acquire a habit of pulling, in their attempts to recover their liberty, or to roam in quest of their mother. When about two months old, they are put into the sledge with the grown dogs, and sometimes eight or ten little ones are under the charge of some steady old animal, where, with frequent and sometimes cruel beatings, they soon receive a competent education. Every dog

is distinguished by a particular name, and the angry repetition of it has an effect as instantaneous as an application of the whip, which instrument is of an immense length, having a lash from eighteen to twenty-four feet, while the handle is one foot only, with this, by throwing it on one side or the other of the leader, and repeating certain words, the animals are guided or stopped. When the sledge is stopped, they are all taught to lie down, by throwing the whip gently over their backs, and they will remain in this position even for hours, until their master returns to them. A Walrus is frequently drawn along by three or four of these dogs, and seals are sometimes carried home in the same manner; though I have in some instances seen a dog bring home the greater part of a seal in panniers placed across his back. The latter mode of conveyance is often used in summer, and the dogs also carry skins or furniture overland to the sledges when their masters are going on any expedition. It might be supposed that in so cold a climate these animals had peculiar periods of gestation, like the wild creatures, but on the contrary, they bear young at every season of the year, and seldom ex-

ceed five at a litter. Cold has very little effect on them; for, although the dogs at the huts slept within the snow passages, mine at the ships had no shelter, but lay along side, with the thermometer at 42° and 44° , and with as little concern as if the weather had been mild. I found, by several experiments, that three of my dogs could draw me on a sledge, weighing one hundred pounds, at the rate of one mile in six minutes; and as a proof of the strength of a well-grown dog, my leader drew one hundred and ninety-six pounds singly, and to the same distance, in eight minutes. At another time, seven of my dogs ran a mile in four minutes, drawing a heavy sledge full of men. Afterwards, in carrying stores, to the Fury, one mile distant, nine dogs drew one thousand, six hundred and eleven pounds in the space of nine minutes. My sledge was on runners neither shod nor iced; but had the runners been iced, at least forty pounds weight would have been added for each dog."

Captain Lyon, in another passage, observes, "our eleven dogs were large, and even majestic looking animals; and an old one, of peculiar sagacity, was placed at their head by having a longer trace, so

as to lead them through the safest and driest places ; these animals having such a dread of water, as to receive a severe beating before they would swim a foot. The leader was instant in obeying the voice of the driver, who never beat, but repeatedly called to him by name. When the dogs slackened their pace, the sight of a seal or bird was sufficient to put them instantly to their full speed ; and even though none of these might be seen on the ice, the cry of “ a seal ! ” — “ a bear ! ” — or “ a bird ! ” &c., was enough to give play to the legs and voices of the whole pack. It was a beautiful sight to observe the two sledges racing at full speed to the same object, the dogs and men in full cry, and the vehicles splashing through the holes of water with the velocity and spirit of rival stage-coaches. There is something of the spirit of professed whips in these wild races, for the young men delight in passing each other's sledge, and jockeying the hinder one by crossing the path. In passing on different routes, the right hand is yielded, and should an inexperienced driver endeavour to take the left, he would have some difficulty in persuading his team to do so. The only unplea-

sant circumstance attending these races is, that a poor dog is sometimes entangled and thrown down, when the sledge, with perhaps a heavy load, is unavoidably drawn over his body. The driver sits on the forepart of the vehicle, from whence he jumps when requisite to pull it clear of any impediments which may lie in the way, and he also guides it by pressing either foot on the ice. The voice and long whip answer all the purposes of reins, and the dogs can be made to turn a corner as dexterously as horses, though not in such an orderly manner, since they are constantly fighting; and I do not recollect to have seen one receive a flogging without instantly wreaking his passion on the ears of his neighbours. The cries of the men are not more melodious than those of the animals; and their wild looks and gestures when animated, give them an appearance of devils driving wolves before them. Our dogs had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, and could not have gone over less than seventy miles of ground; yet they returned, to all appearance, as fresh and active as when they first set out."

Such is the Esquimaux dog, an animal of the greatest

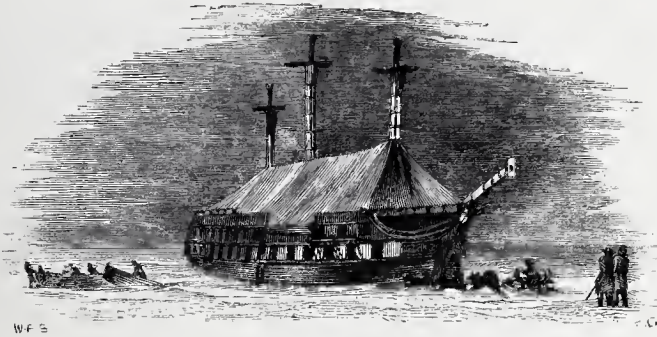
use in the cold regions of the Arctic circle. In addition to Captain Lyon's very interesting account of them, it may be mentioned, that they are of great use to their masters in discovering, by the scent, the winter retreats which the bears make under the snow. Their endurance too never tires, and their fidelity is never shaken by blows and starving: they are obstinate in their nature, but the women, who treat them with more kindness than the men, and who nurse them in their helpless state, or when they are sick, have an unbounded command over their affections.

I am indebted to Colonel Hamilton Smith for the following account of an Esquimaux dog brought to this country, and which he received from Mr. Cleg-horn, the owner of the animal.

“The Esquimaux dog is possessed of very great sagacity, in some respects, more than any dog I have ever seen. I may mention an instance. In coming along a country road, a hare started, and in place of running after the hare in the usual way, the dog pushed himself through the hedge, crossed the field, and, when past the hare, through the hedge again, as if to meet her direct. It is needless to remark that the

hare doubled through the hedge; but had it been in an open country, there would have been a fine chase. One particular characteristic of the dog is, that he forms a strong attachment to his master, and however kind others may be, they never can gain his affection, even from coaxing with food, or otherwise; and, whenever set at liberty, he rushes to the spot where the individual of his attachment is. I may give one or two instances, among many. One morning he was let loose by some of the men on the ground, when he instantly bounded from them to my house, and the kitchen-door, being open, found his way through it, when, to the great amazement of all, he leaped into the bed where I was sleeping, and fawned in the most affectionate manner upon me. Another instance was, when the dog was with me going up the steep bank of the Prince's Street garden, I slipped my foot and came down, when he immediately seized me by the coat, as if to render assistance in raising me. Notwithstanding this particular affection to some, he was in the habit of biting others, without giving the least warning or indication of anger. He was remarkably cunning, for he was in the practice of strewing his

meat round him, to induce fowls or rats to come within his reach while he lay watching, as if asleep, when he instantly pounced upon them, and always with success. He was swift, and had a noble appearance when running."



THE OTTER TERRIER.

“ How greedily

They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank scenting clings ! See ! how the morning dew
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispersed, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range, then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous ; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way ; no holt escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings ; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay ! —
They put him down.”

SOMERVILLE.

THE above is an animated and beautiful description of an otter hunt, an old English sport fast falling into disuse, and the breed of the real otter-hound is either extinct, or very nearly so. In stating this, I am aware that there are still many dogs, which



R. Smith sc.

Davis. del.

OTTER TERRIER.
The Property of the Earl of Cadogan

are called otter-hounds, but it may be doubted whether they possess that peculiar formation which belongs exclusively to the true breed. Few things in nature are more curious and interesting than this formation, and it shews forcibly how beautifully every thing has been arranged for the instincts and several habits of animals. The true otter-hound is completely web-footed, even to the roots of its claws, thus enabling it to swim with much greater facility and swiftness than other dogs. But it has another extraordinary formation. The ear possesses a sort of flap, which covering the aperture excludes the entrance of the water, and thus the dog is enabled to dive after the otter, without that inconvenience, which it would otherwise experience. The Earl of Cadogan has, what his Lordship considers, the last of the breed of the true otter-hound. It was a present from Sir Walter Scott. Lord Cadogan offered one hundred pounds for another dog of the same breed, but of a different sex, but I believe without being able to procure one with those true marks which are confined to the authentic breed. A gipsy was, indeed, said to have possessed one, but he refused to part with it.

Those who saw the exhibition of pictures, in the Royal Academy in 1844, will recollect a large, interesting, and beautiful picture by Mr. Landseer of a pack of otter-hounds. The picture describes the hunt at the time of the termination of the chase, and the capture of the otter. The animal is impaled on the huntsman's spear, while the rough, shaggy, and picturesque looking pack, are represented with eyes intently fixed on the amphibious beast, and howling in uncouth chorus round their agonized and dying prey.

An otter-hunt is a cheerful and inspiring sport, and it is still carried on in some of the lakes of Cumberland. Indeed as lately as the year 1844, a pack of otter-hounds was advertised in the Newspapers to be sold by private contract. The alleged cause of the owner's parting with them was in consequence of their having cleared the rivers of three counties (Staffordshire being one) of all the otters, and the number captured and killed in the last few years was mentioned. "Good otter-hounds," as an old writer observes, "will come chanting, and trail along by the river-side, and will beat every tree-root, every

osier-bed, and tuft of bull-rushes; nay, sometimes they will take the water and beat it like a spaniel, and by these means the otter can hardly escape you." The otter swims and dives with great celerity, and in doing the latter, it throws up *sprots* or air-bubbles, which enable the hunters to ascertain where it is, and to spear it. The best time to find it is early in the morning. It may frequently be traced by the dead fish and fish-bones strewed along the banks of the river. The prints, also, of the animal's feet, called his *seal*, are of a peculiar formation, and thus it is readily traced. The otter preys during the night, and conceals himself in the daytime under the banks of lakes and rivers, where he generally forms a kind of subterraneous gallery, running for several yards parallel to the water's edge, so that if he should be assailed from one end, he flies to the other. When he takes to the water, it is necessary that those who have otter-spears should watch the bubbles, for he generally vents near them. When the otter is seized, or upon the point of being caught by the hounds, he turns upon his pursuers with the utmost ferocity. Instances are recorded of

dogs having been drowned by otters, which they had seized under water, for they can sustain the want of respiration for a much longer time than the dog.

Mr. Daniell, in his "Rural Sports," remarks that hunting the otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and that hounds were kept solely for that purpose. The sportsmen went on each side of the river, beating the banks and sedges with the dogs. If an otter was not soon found, it was supposed that he had gone to *couch* more inland, and was sought for accordingly. If one was found, the sportsmen viewed his track in the mud, to find which way he had taken.

" On the soft sand,
See there his *seal* impress'd! And on that bank,
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast."

The spears were used in aid of the dogs. When an otter is wounded, he makes directly to land, where he maintains an obstinate defence:—

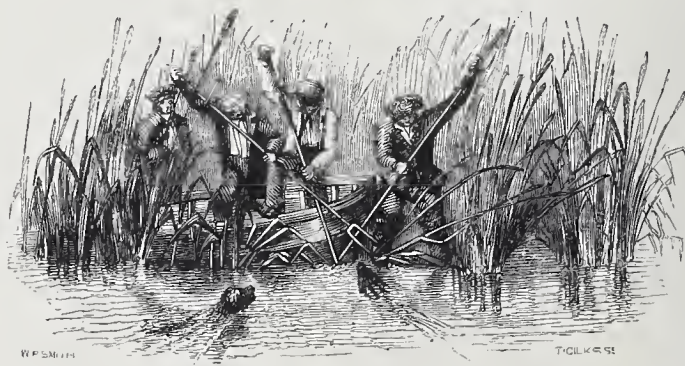
" Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate; his numerous foes

Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the spoiler's fate ; he dies, he dies."

The male otter never makes any complaint when seized by the dogs, or even when transfixed with a spear, but the females emit a very shrill squeal. In the year 1796, near Bridgenorth, on the river Wherfe, four otters were killed. One stood three, another four hours before the dogs, and was scarcely a minute out of sight. In April 1804, the otter-hounds of Mr. Coleman of Leominster, killed an otter of extraordinary size. It measured from the nose to the end of the tail, four feet ten inches, and weighed thirty-four and a half pounds. This animal was supposed to be eight years old, and to have destroyed for the last five years a ton of fish annually. The destruction of fish by this animal is, indeed, very great, for he will eat none unless it be perfectly fresh, and what he takes himself. By his mode of eating them, he causes a still greater consumption, for so soon as an otter catches a fish, he drags it on shore, devours it to the vent, and, unless pressed by extreme hunger, always leaves

the remainder, and takes to the water in search of more. In rivers it is always observed to swim against the stream in order to meet its prey.

Otters bite very severely, and they will seize upon a dog with the utmost ferocity, and will shake it as a terrier does a rat. The jaws of the otter are so constructed, that even when dead, it is difficult to separate them, as they adhere with the utmost tenacity. Otters are frequently found on the banks of the Thames, and a large one was caught in an eel-basket near Windsor, but the hunting of them is discontinued.





W. R. Smith, sc.

W. R. Smith, del.

THE GREYHOUND.

Ah ! gallant Snowball ! what remains,
Up Fordon's banks, o'er Flixton's plains,
Of all thy strength — thy sinewy force,
Which rather flew than ran the course ?
Ah ! what remains ? Save that thy breed
May to their father's fame succeed ;
And when the prize appears in view,
May prove that they are Snowballs too.

THE perfection to which the greyhound has been brought by persevering care and attention to its breed, distinguishes it alike for beauty, shape, and high spirit, while its habits are mild and gentle in the extreme. These dogs were brought to this great perfection by the late Lord Orford, Major Topham and others. Snowball, perhaps one of the best greyhounds that ever ran, won four cups, coupes, and upwards of thirty matches, at Malton, and upon the wolds of Yorkshirc. In fact no dog had any chance with him except his own blood. In the November Malton coursing-meeting in 1799, a

Scotch greyhound was produced, which had beat every opponent in Scotland. It was then brought to England, and challenged any dog in the kingdom. The challenge was accepted, and Snowball selected for the trial of speed; after a course of two miles, the match, (upon which considerable sums were depending) was decided in his favour.

Another dog, which belonged to Sir Henry Bate Dudley, won seventy-four successive matches, without having been once beaten.

The courage and spirit of these dogs is very great. A greyhound ran a hare single-handed and raced her so hard, that, not having time to run through an opening at the bottom of some paling, she and the greyhound made a spring at the same moment at the top of the pales. The dog seized her at the instant she reached it, and in the momentary struggle he slipt between two broken pales, each of which ran into the top of his thighs. In this situation he hung till the horsemen came up, when to their great surprise, he had the hare fast in his mouth, which was taken from him before he could be released.

I saw a hare coursed on the Brighton Downs some

years ago by two celebrated greyhounds. Such was the length of the course, some of it up very steep hills, that the hare fell dead before the dogs, who were so exhausted that they only reached to within six feet of her. This was one of the severest courses ever witnessed.

On another occasion, two dogs ran a hare for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the coursing party. After a considerable search, both the dogs and the hare were found dead within a few yards of each other, nor did it appear that the former had touched the hare. Mr. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, states that a brace of greyhounds in Lincolnshire, ran a hare from her seat to where she was killed, a distance measuring straight, upwards of four miles, in twelve minutes. During the course there was a good number of turns, which must have very considerably increased the space gone over. The hare ran till she died, before the greyhounds touched her.

In the year 1798, a brace of greyhounds, the property of Mr. Courtall of Carlisle, coursed a hare from the Swift, near that city, and killed her at

Clemmell, seven miles distant. Both greyhounds were so exhausted, that unless the aid of medical men, who happened to be on the spot, had been immediately given, they would have died, and it was with difficulty they were recovered.

Few facts can shew the high courage of the greyhound more than the following.

As a game-keeper of Lord Egremont's was leading a brace of greyhounds in couples, a hare accidentally crossed the road in view. This temptation proved so irresistible, that the dogs, by a joint effort, broke suddenly from their conductor, and gave chase, shackled as they were together. When they got up and gave the hare the first turn, it was evidently much to her advantage, as the greyhounds were so embarrassed, that it was with great difficulty they could change the direction. Notwithstanding this temporary delay, they sustained no diminution of natural energy, but continued the course through and over various obstructions, till the object of their pursuit fell a victim to their invincible perseverance, after a run of between three and four miles.

In addition to the beauty, elegance, high spirit,

and speed of the greyhound, may be mentioned his mild and affectionate disposition, as well as his fidelity and attachment to those, who treat him with kindness. They will also shew sometimes considerable sagacity. The following is an instance of this.

Two young gentlemen went to skait, attended only by a greyhound. About the time they were expected home, the dog arrived at the house full speed, and by his great anxiety, by laying hold of the clothes of some of the inmates, and by his significant gestures, he convinced them that something was wrong. They followed the greyhound, and came to the pond. A hat was seen on the ice, near which was a fresh aperture. The bodies of the young gentlemen were soon found, but life was extinct. In this instance the sagacity of the dog was extraordinary. Had he possessed the power of speech, he could scarcely have communicated what had taken place more significantly than he did.

While on the subject of greyhounds, I cannot resist the insertion of the following account of one extracted from Froissart.

When Richard II. was confined in the Castle of

Flint, he possessed a greyhound, which was so remarkably attached to him, as not to notice or fawn upon any one else. Froissart then adds — “it was informed me Kynge Richard had a grayhounde, ealled Mathe, who always waited upon the kynge, and would know no one else. For whenever the kynge did ryde, he that kept the grayhounde did let him lose, and he wolde streyght runne to the kynge and fawne upon him, and leape with his fore-fete upon the kynge’s shoulders. And as the kynge and the Erle of Derby talked togyder in the courte, the grayhounde, who was wont to leape upon the kynge, left the kynge and came to the Erle of Derby, Duke of Laneaster, and made to hym the same friendly countenance and ehere he was wont to do the kynge. The Duke, who knew not the grayhounde, demanded of the kynge, what the grayhounde would do. ‘Cosin,’ quod the kynge, ‘it is a great good token to you, and an evil sygne to me.’ ‘Sir, how know ye that?’ quod the duke. ‘I know it well,’ quod the kynge, ‘the grayhounde maketh you ehere this daye as kynge of Englande, as ye shall be, and I shall be deposed; the grayhounde hath this knowledge naturally, therefore take hym to

you ; he will follow you and forsake me.' The duke understoode well those words, and cheryshed the gray-hounde, who would never after followe kyngc Richarde, but followed the duke of Lancaster." It is not, however, improbable that the dog thus mentioned was the Irish wolf-dog, as the fact related is more characteristic of that noble animal.

The mild, affable and serene aspect of the greyhound, constitutes no drawback to its innate sagacity, or grateful attention to its protector, of which the unfortunate king Charles the first was so observant, that the remark he made during his troubles is on record, and strictly just as applicable to the instinctive fidelity of the animal. He said the greyhound possessed all the good nature of the spaniel without the fawning.

The natural simplicity and peaceable demeanour of the greyhound may have sometimes induced a doubt of its possessing the sagacity, fidelity and attachment of other dogs, but when he is kindly treated and domesticated, he is capable of shewing them to an equal degree with any of the canine race.

Some of the best coursing in England takes place

on the Wiltshire Downs, where it is no uncommon sight to see a hare run away from two good dogs without a single turn. Nearly three hundred years ago, Sir Philip Sidney referred to this sport on the Wiltshire Downs in one of his poems, in which he remarks :—

“ So, on the downs we see, near Wilton fair,
A hast’ned hare from greedy greyhounds go.”



THE POINTER.

“The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows ;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey.
Now the warm scent assures the covey near ;
He treads with caution, and he points with fear.
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies ;
The scatt’ring lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.”

GAY.

THIS dog has been crossed and recrossed so often with the fox-hound, the setter, and the old Spanish pointer, that the originality of the present breed may be questioned, especially as the pointer has been less noticed by writers on dogs than any other of the species. How well do I recollect in my early youth seeing the slow, heavy, solemn-looking, and thick shouldered Spanish pointer, tired with two or three hours work in turnips, and so stiff after it the next day, as to be little capable of resuming his labours.

And yet this dog fifty years ago was to be met with all through England. How different is the breed at the present time. By crossing with the fox-hound, they have acquired wonderful speed, and a power of endurance equally surprising, while their shape is beautiful and their sense and animation strongly marked in their intelligent countenances.

The old pointers were either nearly white or variegated with large liver-coloured patches. We now see them either completely liver-coloured, or of a flea-bitten blue or grey, or else black, with fine sterns shewing much blood, and extremely thin ears. There can be no doubt but that the crosses by which they have obtained the qualities and appearance, I have mentioned, render the task of breaking them in to point, back, and drop to charge, one of no small difficulty. These habits, having been acquired in the original breed, had probably become hereditary, but the mixture with dogs, which had not these inherent qualities, has introduced volatility and impatience, not easily to be overcome. It is also a fact, that if a pointer, notwithstanding this disposition, should at last become perfectly well broke in, or as it is called, highly broke, he loses

much of his natural sagacity. His powers of endurance are however very great. A friend of mine, an ardent sportsman, had a pointer crossed with a foxhound, and it was the only one he had. Day after day he took this dog out with him, from day-break till late in the evening, and he never flagged or shewed fatigue. It was calculated that he could not traverse less than one hundred and twenty miles each day. This dog shewed extraordinary sagacity. While hunting in a large fallow field, he made a point, and then slowly and cautiously proceeded, closely followed by his master. In this way, he led him over a good part of the field, till it was supposed the dog was drawing on the scent of a hare, which had stolen away. At last he set off running as hard as he could, made a large circuit to the left, and then came to a point immediately opposite to his master, who then advanced and put up a covey of birds between him and the dog.

The following is a proof of the perfection to which pointers may be brought. The friend above referred to went out shooting with a gentleman celebrated for the goodness of his breed. They took the field

with eight of these dogs. If one pointed, all the rest immediately backed steadily. If a partridge was shot, they all dropped to charge, and whichever dog was called to bring the bird, the rest never stirred till they were told to do so. Dogs thus broke in are of great value, and bring large prices; from fifty to a hundred guineas have been given for a good dog.

Pointers frequently shew extraordinary sense, especially in their own peculiar vocation. Thus a pointer has been known to refuse to hunt for a person, who had previously missed every bird the dog had found. He left him with every mark of disgust, nor could any coaxing induce him to continue with his unsportsmanlike companion.

Three pointers were taken out grouse-shooting in Ireland. They were all of the same breed, or rather nearly related to each other, one being the grandmother, the other her daughter, and the third her granddaughter. The latter who could get over the ground quicker than the others, put up first one pack of grouse, and then another, for which faults she was flogged again and again. Having done the same thing the third time, the steady old grandmother was

so provoked, that she ran at the culprit, knocked her over and over, and did not cease to attack her till she had driven her home. The authenticity of this anecdote need not be doubted. It is a proof of the extraordinary sense of a dog, and is corroborated by a fact already mentioned in the introductory remarks, of one dog having attacked another for having misconducted himself.

Some very bad shots went out partridge-shooting attended by a very good old steady pointer. After shooting for some hours with very little success, they began to amuse themselves by firing at a picce of paper stuck on a post. The disgust of the old dog at this proceeding may be imagined. He ran home.

In further proof of the dislike a pointer will shew to a bad shot, I will produce the following anecdote mentioned by Captain Brown. A gentleman having requested the loan of a pointer-dog from a friend, was informed by him that the dog would behave very well so long as he could kill his birds, but if he frequently missed them, it would run home and leave him. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial, but, unfortunately his new master was

a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched, till at last, the pointer became careless, and often missed his game. As if seemingly willing, however, to give one chance more, he made a dead stop at a fern bush, with his nose pointed downward, the fore-foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this position he remained firm till the sportsman was close to him, with both barrels cocked, then moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind by moving regularly backwards and forwards. At last out sprung a fine old blackcock. Bang, bang, went both barrels, but the bird escaped unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and, instead of dropping to charge, he turned boldly round, placed his tail between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and set off as fast as he could to his own home.

I have seen a pointer leap on the top of a high gate, in going from one field to another, and remain steadily there till I came up to him. He had suddenly come on the scent of birds, and made his point

from his uncomfortable situation on the gate. Captain Brown also relates a nearly similar instance of the staunchness of a pointer, which he received from a friend of his. This gentleman was shooting in Scotland, when one of his dogs in going over a stone wall, about four feet high, got the scent of some birds on the other side of the wall, just as she made the leap. She hung by her fore-legs, appearing at a distance, as if they had got fastened among the stones, and that she could not extricate herself. In this position she remained until her master came up. It was then evident that it was her caution for fear of flushing some birds on the other side of the wall, which prevented her from taking the leap, or rather which was the cause of her making this extraordinary point.

Mr. Daniel, in his Rural Sports, mentions the circumstance of two pointers having stood at one point an hour and a quarter, while an artist took a sketch of them.

The following circumstance serves also to prove the extreme staunchness of a pointer. It is related by Captain Brown.

“A servant who used to shoot for Mr. Clutterbuck of Bradford, had, on one occasion, a pointer of this gentleman's, which afforded him an excellent day's sport. On returning, the night being dark, he dropped, by some chance, two or three birds out of his bag, and, on coming home, he missed them. Having informed a fellow servant of his loss, he requested him to get up early the next morning, and seek for them near the turnpike, being certain that he had brought them as far as that place. The man accordingly went there, and not a hundred yards from the spot mentioned by his companion, he, to his surprise, found the pointer lying near the birds, and where he probably had remained all night, although the poor animal had been severely hunted the day before.”

Pointers have been known to go out by themselves for the purpose of finding game, and, when they have succeeded, have returned to their master, and by significant signs and gestures, have led them directly to the spot.

The mental faculties of pointers are extremely acute. When once they become conscious of their

own powers, and of what is required of them, they seldom commit a fault, and do their duty with alacrity and devotion. Old pointers are apt to hunt the hedge-rows of a field before they begin to quarter the ground. I have seen dogs severely rated and punished for doing this, but the cause is obvious. They are aware that game is more frequently to be found in hedge-rows than in the open ground, and therefore very naturally take the readiest way of finding it.

A well-known angler was in the habit of being attended by a pointer dog, who saved him the trouble of a landing-net in his trout-fishing excursions. When he had hooked a fish and brought it near the bank, the dog would be in readiness, and taking the fish behind the head, would bring it out to his master.

A gentleman had a pointer so fleet, that he often backed him to find birds in a ten-acre field within two minutes, if there were birds in it. On entering the field, he seemed to know by instinct where the birds would lie, generally going up to them at once. His nose was so good, that with a brisk wind, he

would find his game a hundred and fifty yards off across the furrows. He could tell whether a bird was hit, and if so would retrieve it some fields off from where it was shot. He would never follow a hare unless it was wounded. He would point water-fowl as well as all birds of game, and has been seen pointing a duck or a moor-hen with the water running over his back at the time. Nothing seemed to spoil this dog, not even rat and otter hunting, in both of which he was an adept, as he knew his business, and although he would rattle through a wood, he was perfectly steady the next minute out of cover. He has been known to continue at a point two hours. In high turnips he would contrive to shew his master where he was, standing sometimes on his hind legs only, so that his head and fore-quarters might be seen. On one occasion he came at full speed so suddenly on a hare, that he slipped up, and fell nearly on his back. In this position he did not move, and it was thought he was in a fit, till the hare jumped up and was killed, when the dog righted himself. So steady was he in backing another dog when game was found, that he once

caught sight of a point at the moment of jumping a stile, and balanced himself on it for several seconds till he fell. Once when hunting with a young pointer, who had only been taken into the field two or three times, in order to shew him some birds before the shooting season, the following occurrence took place. The old dog found some birds in the middle of the field, and pointed them steadily. The puppy had been jumping and gambolling about, with no great hunt in him, and upon seeing the old dog stand, ran playfully up to him. He was however seized by the neck, and received a good shaking, which sent him away howling, and his companion then turned round and steadied himself on his point, without moving scarcely a yard. This anecdote is extracted from Hone's Year Book, and the writer of it goes on to say—"what dog is there possessing the singular self-denial of the pointer or setter? The hound gives full play to his feelings; chases, and babbles, and kicks up as much riot as he likes, provided he is true to his game. The spaniel has no restraint, except being kept within gun-shot. The greyhound has it all his own way as soon he is loosed, and the terrier watches

at a rat's hole, because he cannot get into it. But the pointer, at the moment that other dogs satisfy themselves, and rush upon their game, suddenly stops, and points with almost breathless anxiety to that which we might naturally suppose he would eagerly seize. The birds seen, the dog creeps after them cautiously, stopping at intervals, lest by a sudden movement he should spring them too soon. And then let us observe and admire his delight when his anxiety, for it is anxiety, is crowned with success — when the bird falls, and he lays it joyfully at his master's feet. A pointer should never be ill used. He is too much like one of us. He has more head-piece than all the rest of the dogs put together. Narrowly watch a steady pointer on his game, and see how he holds his breath. It is evident he must stand in a certain degree of pain, for we all know how quickly a dog respires. And when he comes up to you in the field he puffs and blows, and his tongue is invariably hanging out of his mouth. We never see this on a point, and to check it suddenly must give the dog pain. And yet how silent he is, how eager he looks, and if a sudden hysteric gasp is

heard, it ceases in a moment. Surely he is the most perfect artist of the canine race."

Some of my readers may like to know that the best breaker of pointers I have yet met with is Mr. Lucas, one of the keepers of Richmond Park. He perfectly understands his business, and turns out his pointers in a way which few can equal.



THE PUG DOG.

“My pug makes a bad pet; he is useless in the field, is somewhat snappish, has little sagacity, and is very cowardly; but there is an air of *bon ton* about him which renders him a fashionable appendage to a fine lady.”

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

THESE dogs came into fashion, and probably first into this Country, in the early part of the reign of William the Third, and were then called Dutch Pugs. At that time they were generally decorated with orange ribbons, and were in great request amongst the courtiers, from the king being very partial to them.

It is difficult to say how his partiality arose, though it may perhaps be accounted for, by the following anecdote, related in a scarce old book, called “Sir Roger Williams’ Actions in the Low Countries,” printed in 1618.

“The Prince of Orange [father of William III.] being retired into the camp, Julian Romero, with earnest

persuasions, procured licence of the Duke D'Alva to hazard a *camisado*, or night attack upon the Prince. At midnight, Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards that they found in their way into the place of arms before the Prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries. The Prince himself escaped very narrowly, for I have often heard him say, that he thought, but for a dog, he had been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels, when this dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men, and as the Prince laid in his arms, with a lacquey always holding one of his horses, ready bridled and saddled, yet, at the going out of his tent, with much ado, he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless, one of his equerries was slain taking horse presently after him, as were divers of his servants. The Prince, to shew his gratitude, until his dying day, kept one of that dog's race, and so did many of his friends and followers. These animals

were not remarkable for their beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked noses, called *Camuses*" — (flat-nosed.)

It is difficult to account for the origin of this breed of dogs. So far from having any of the courage of the Bull-dog, which they resemble somewhat in miniature, they are extremely cowardly. They are also occasionally treacherous in their disposition, and will take strong dislikes to particular persons.

The passion of the late Lady Penrhyn for pugs was well known. Two of these, a mother and daughter, were in the eating-room of Penrhyn Castle during the morning call of a lady, who partook of luncheon. On bonnets and shawls being ordered for the purpose of taking a walk in the grounds, the oldest dog jumped on a chair, and looked first at a cold fowl, and then at her daughter. The lady remarked to Lady Penrhyn that they certainly had a design on the tray. The bell was therefore rung, and a servant ordered to take it away. The instant the tray disappeared, the elder pug, who had previously played the agreeable with all her might to

the visitor, snarled and flew at her, and during the whole walk, followed her, growling and snapping at her heels whenever opportunity served. The dog certainly went through two or three links of inference, from the disappearance of the coveted spoil, to Lady Penrhyn's order, and from Lady Penrhyn's order, to the remark made by her visitor.

Monsieur Blaze, in his "History of Dogs," mentions one who was taught to pronounce some words. The editor of the "Dumfries Courier" has declared, most solemnly, that he "heard a pug repeatedly pronounce the word 'William,' almost as distinctly as ever it was enunciated by the human voice." He saw the dog lying on a rug before the fire, when one of his master's sons, whose name is William, and to whom he is more obedient than to any one else, happened to give him a shove, when the animal ejaculated, for the first time, the word 'William.' The whole party were as much amazed as Balaam was when his ass spoke, and though they could hardly believe their own ears, one of them exclaimed; 'Could you really find it in your heart to hurt the poor dog after he has so distinctly pronounced your

name?’ This led to a series of experiments, which have been repeated for the satisfaction of various persons; but still the animal performs with difficulty. When his master seizes his fore-legs, and commands him to say ‘William,’ he treats the hearer with a gurring voluntary; and after this species of music has been protracted for a longer or a shorter period, his voice seems to fall a full octave before he comes out with the important word.”

In the “*Bibliothèque Germanique*,” published in 1720, there is an account of a dog at Berlin, who was made to pronounce a few words, but the one which he ejaculated most distinctly was “Elizabeth.” Sir William Gell also had a dog which was well known to repeat some words, but it should be mentioned that he never did this except his master held his jaws in a peculiar way. Mr. Keppel Craven could give an amusing account of this dog.

It has been said of the pug-dog, that he is applicable to no sport, appropriated to no useful purpose, susceptible of no predominant passion, and in no way remarkable for any pre-eminent quality. He seems, indeed, intended to be the patient follower

of a ruminating philosopher, or the adulatory and consolatory companion of an old maid. They appear indeed to be generally discarded as pets, as they are now much more scarce than they were a few years ago, and are seldom seen peeping out of a carriage window or basking in a London balcony.

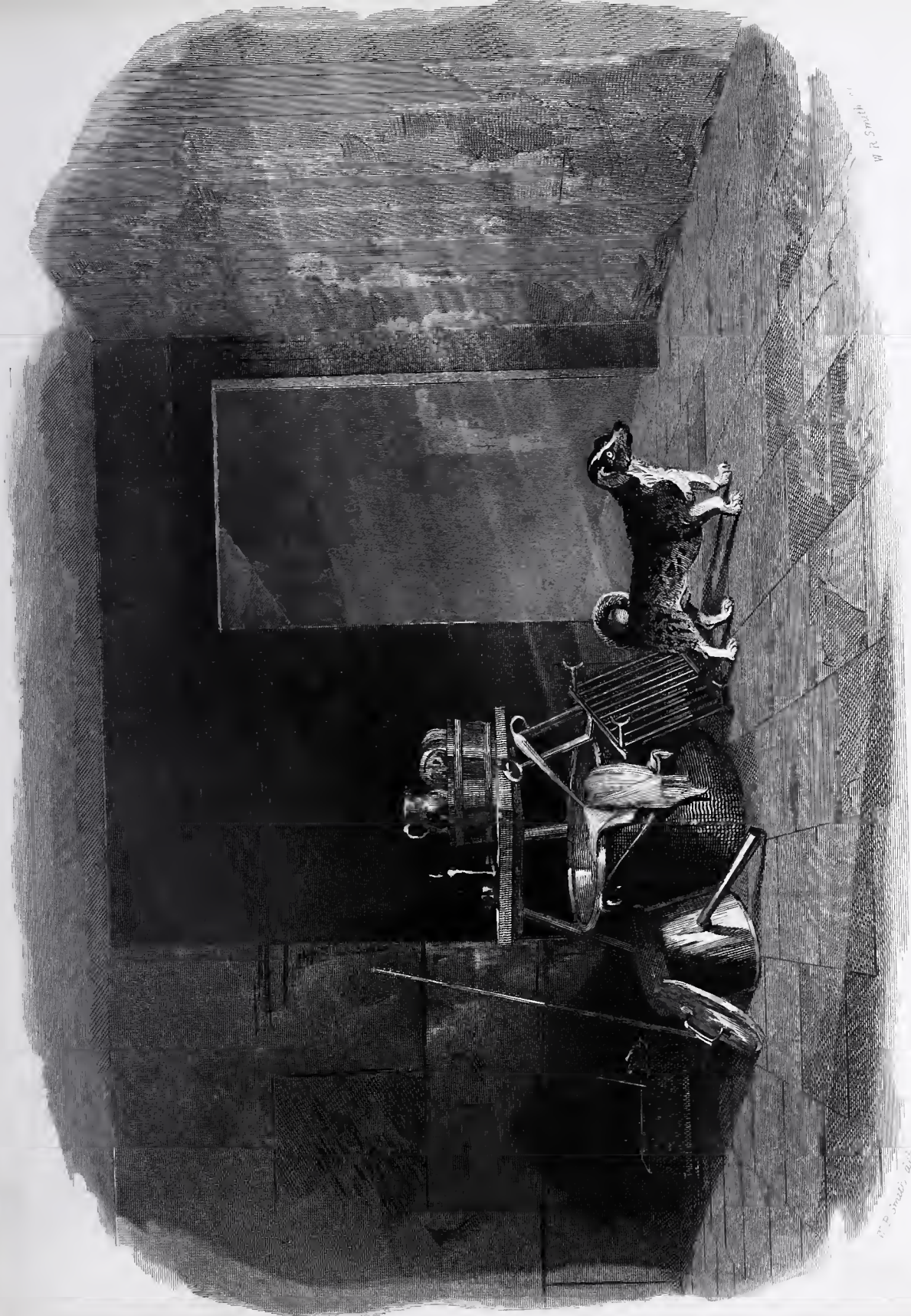


THE TURNSPIT.

“ I give you joy of the report
That he’s to have a place at court ;
Yes, and a place hew ill grow rich in,
A turnspit in the royal kitchen. ”

SWIFT.

How well do I recollect in the days of my youth watching the operations of a turnspit at the house of a worthy old Welsh Clergyman in Worcestershire, who taught me to read. He was a good man, wore a bushy wig, black worsted stockings and large plated buckles in his shoes. As he had several boarders, as well as day-scholars, his two turnspits had plenty to do. They were long bodied, crooked legged and ugly dogs, with a suspicious, unhappy look about them, as if they were weary of the task they had to do, and expected every moment to be seized upon to perform it. Cooks in those days, as they are said to be at present, were very cross, and, if the poor animal wearied with having a larger joint than usual to turn,



W. R. Smith

W. R. Smith, del.

stopped for a moment, the voice of the cook might be heard rating him in no very gentle terms. When we consider that a large solid piece of beef would take at least three hours before it was properly roasted, we may form some idea of the task a dog had to perform in turning a wheel during that time. A pointer has pleasure in finding game. The terrier worries rats with considerable glee. The greyhound pursues hares with eagerness and delight, and the bull-dog even attacks bulls with the greatest energy ; while the poor turnspit, performs his task by compulsion, like a culprit on a tread-wheel, subject to scolding or beating if he stops a moment to rest his weary limbs, and is then kicked about the kitchen when the task is over. There is a story (it is an old one) of the Bath turnspits, who were in the habit of collecting together in the Abbey church of that town, during divine service. It is said, but I will not vouch for the truth of the story, that hearing one day the word "spit," which occurred in the lesson for the day, they all ran out of the Church in the greatest hurry, evidently associating the word with the task they had to perform.

These dogs are still used in Germany, and Her

Majesty has two or three of them amongst her collection of these quadrupeds. They are extremely bandy legged, so as to appear almost incapable of running, with long bodies and rather large heads. They are very strong in the jaws, and are what are called hard bitten. It is a peculiarity in these dogs, that they generally have the iris of one eye black and the other white. Their colour varies, but the usual one is a blueish-grey, spotted with black. The tail is generally curled on the back.

As two turnspits were generally kept to do the roasting work of a family each dog knew his own day, and it was not an easy task to make one work two days running. Even on his regular day, a dog would frequently hide himself, so cordially did he hate his prescribed duties. A story is told of two turnspits who had to take their turns every other day to get into the wheel. One of them in a fit of laziness, hid himself on the day he should have worked, so that his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead, who, when his employment was over, began crying and wagging his tail, and making signs for those in attendance to follow him. This was done, and the

dog conducted them into a garret, where he dislodged his idle companion.

The following circumstance is said to have taken place in the Jesuits College at la Flèche.

After the cook had prepared his meat for roasting, he looked for the dog whose turn it was to work the spit, but not being able to find him, he attempted to employ for this service another that happened to be in the kitchen. The dog however resisted and, having bitten the cook, ran away. The man, with whom the dog was a particular favourite, was much astonished at his ferocity. The wound he had received was a severe one, and bled profusely, so that it was necessary to dress it. While this was doing, the dog, which had run into the garden, and, found out the one whose turn it was to work the spit, came driving him before him into the kitchen, when the latter immediately went of his own accord into the wheel.

Buffon calls the turnspit, the *Basset à jambes torses*, but some of the breed are said to have straight legs. Short as they are, the body is extremely strong and heavy in proportion to the height of the dog, and this weight must facilitate the turning of the wheel.

THE FOX-HOUND.

“ Warn’d by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join’d,
Salute the new-born day.

Then to the corpse,
Thick with entangled grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour’d hounds,
In all their beauty’s pride.”

SOMERVILLE.

It is imposible to enter upon a description of the fox-hound without considerable diffidence. Whether we consider the enthusiastic admiration it excites amongst sportsmen, the undeviating perseverance and high courage of the animal, its perfect symmetry, and the music of its tongue, which warms the heart, and gives life and spirit to man and horse, it must be difficult to do justice to his merits. I will however, endeavour to do my best, and should I fail it will not be for want of admiration of the noble animal whose

qualifications I am about to illustrate with characteristic anecdotes.

In giving a description of the various breeds of dogs, every one must be aware, that by crossing and recrossing them many of those we now see have but little claim to originality. The fox-hound, the old Irish wolf-dog, and the colly or shepherd's dog, may, perhaps, be considered as possessing the greatest purity of blood. My opinion respecting the fox-hound is partly founded on the following curious fact.

In Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Egyptians," there is a representation of as *varmint* a pack of fox-hounds as modern eye could wish to see. It is copied from a painting found in the interior of the tomb of the Pharaoh, under whom Joseph served. Every individual hound is characteristic of the present breed, with all their courage and animation. Each dog's tail was, as an old Irish huntsman, who used to glory in seeing his hounds carry their sterns, after the hardest day, once said to his master, "not behind them at all, plaize your honour, but curling out over their shoulders."

If the copy be correct, and there is no reason to

doubt it, the dog of this breed must be considered of a much more ancient date than is generally supposed. There is every reason to believe that the first dogs came from Asia. Indeed history, both sacred and profane, agrees in this. At all events the fact just mentioned is sufficiently curious, and may serve to confirm the supposition I have ventured to make of the purity of the blood of our modern fox-hound.

A volume might be written on the characteristics of these dogs, both in the kennel and the field, and I will endeavour to illustrate this by a few anecdotes.

It is well known to those who have lived near a kennel, that every morning at the first gleam of light, the hounds invariably salute the glorious return of day, by joining simultaneously in a full chorus of voices, "a musical discord," and called by huntsmen "their morning hymn." This concert does not consist of barking and yapping as many may suppose, but something like the "Hullah system," yet far more sonorous to a sportsman's ear.

Those, who have witnessed the process of feeding

hounds, cannot but acknowledge that it is a most pleasing sight. We see the anxiety depicted in their countenances to catch the huntsman's eye, who calls them singly by name in a low tone of voice, nor does one offer to stir till his time comes. Each dog, also, takes every day the same position, like children at school, except that all are obedient, and there is no noise. His late Majesty, George the Fourth, in his younger days, was a constant attendant at the Royal kennel at feeding time, and many of the Royal family have also been to see the hounds fed at that place.

Close to the Duke of Beaufort's kennel at Badmington, a tame fox was confined, and between it and the fox-hounds a great friendship existed. When the hounds were let out, they played with the fox, who, on his part, was equally ready to greet them. This reciprocal kindness had continued some time, until one day, a hunted fox, much exhausted, ran for shelter into a bush close to the hutch of the tame one. The hounds, in the eagerness of the chase, ran into the latter, mistaking him for the other, and instantly killed him. No sooner, however, were they

aware of their having occasioned the death of their old acquaintance, than each hound slunk away appearing conscious and ashamed of what had been done, nor could they be induced to touch the dead fox when thrown amongst them.

Amongst other curious anecdotes of fox-hounds, the following may be mentioned. Some years ago, Sir John Cope had a hound called Clermont, "and which was in the constant habit, when the pack killed a fox, of taking possession of the animal's head. This he invariably carried in his mouth, as if it was a trophy, and on arriving at the kennel, would put it down at the kennel door. In this way he must have imposed a severe task on himself, as the pack had frequently twenty miles to go home when the chase was over. The weight was not indeed great, but the dog's mouth being distended the whole time, must have made the task any thing but a pleasant one.

Some hounds are possessed with an extraordinary instinct, which enables them to find their way back to their kennels over country which they had never before traversed. When George the Third kept

hounds in the Home Park, Windsor, General Manners one of the equerries, took a hound named Bustler with him in his carriage to London. He remained there a few days, and then travelled to Bloxholm in Lincolnshire, the dog being still his companion inside the carriage. In less than a month, however, Bustler found his way back to Frogmore.

A few years ago some hounds were embarked at Liverpool for Ireland, and were safely delivered at a kennel far up in that country. One of them, not probably liking his quarters, found his way back to the port at which he had been landed from Liverpool. On arriving at it, some troops were being embarked in a ship bound to that place. This was a fortunate circumstance for the old hound, as during the bustle he was not noticed. He safely arrived at Liverpool, and on his old master, or huntsman rather, coming down stairs one morning, he recognised his former acquaintance waiting to greet him.

A similar circumstance happened to some hounds sent by the late Lord Lonsdale to Ireland. Three of them escaped from the kennel in that country, and made their appearance again in Leicestershire.

The love of home, or most probably affection for a particular individual, must be strongly implanted in dogs to induce them to search over unexplored and unknown regions for the being and home they love. Hunger, it might be supposed, would alone stop the ardour of their pursuit, and induce them to seek for nourishment and shelter at a stranger's door. But such is not the case; hungry, foot-sore, fatigued and exhausted, the noble and faithful animal presses onward, guided by an instinct, which man does not possess, and proving the strength of his love by his indefatigable and ardent exertions. Poor faithful animal! — and is it possible that you are subjected to ill-treatment, cruelty and neglect by those who owe you a large debt of gratitude? your exertions procure amusement, — your watchfulness and fidelity give protection, and neither sickness or misfortune will induce you to forsake the object of your attachment.

But it is time to resume our anecdotes of foxhounds, and the following is a proof of the high courage they so often display, as well as their emulative spirit.

In drawing a strong covert, a young bitch gave

tongue very freely, whilst none of the other hounds challenged. The whipper-in rated to no purpose, the huntsman insisted she was wrong, and the whip was applied with great severity, in doing which the lash most unfortunately took the orb of the eye out of the socket. Notwithstanding the excruciating pain she must inevitably have laboured under, the poor suffering animal again flew to the scent, and exultingly proved herself to be right, for a fox having stole away, she broke covert after him, unheeded, and continued the chase alone. After much delay and cold hunting, the pack at length hit off the chase. At some distance, a farmer made a signal with much vehemence to the company, who, upon coming up to him, were informed that they were very far behind the fox, for that a single hound, very bloody about the head, had passed a field from him, and was running breast-high, and that there was little chance of getting up to him. The pack, however, at her coming to a check, did at length get up, and, after some cold hunting, the bitch again hit off the scent, and the fox was killed after a severe run. The eye of the poor but high-spirited dog, which had hung

pendent during the chase, was removed by a pair of scissors after the fox was dead.

The following is another instance of the persevering strength and spirit of fox-hounds.

A gentleman of the name of Pearson, residing in Essex, had a couple and a half of young and newly entered hounds. One day they accidentally followed him in his ride, and strayed into a large covert by the roadside, and presently found something which they eagerly hunted. After trying a long time to halloo them off, Mr. Pearson proceeded to Colchester, where his business detained him some hours. Upon his return he heard them in the covert, and found, by some people at work by the side of it, that they had continued running during his absence, and had driven a fox over the field in which they were at work, backward and forward several times. Mr. Pearson got as near to them as possible, continuing to give them every encouragement. After hunting the fox a long time in the covert, he at last broke, and was killed after a run of some miles. The time these hounds were hunting was seven hours. Hounds have even been known to have continued a chase for ten

hours, great part of the time being hard running. A fox was once unkennelled near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, at twenty-seven minutes past nine, and except half an hour taken up in bolting him from a rabbit-burrow, the hounds had a continued run until fourteen minutes past five in the evening, when they killed the fox in good style. During this space of nearly eight hours of most severe running, several horses died in the field, and others were severely injured.

In order to account for the power of endurance, which fox-hounds are known to possess, it should be mentioned that their strength is very great. A well bred hound has been known to measure as much round the arm of the fore-leg, as a moderate sized horse does below the knee. I was assured of this fact by a well known huntsman, and it may serve in some measure to account for the following instance of undeviating perseverance in a fox-hound, related by Mr. Daniel in his Supplement to his "Rural Sports."

The circumstance took place in the year 1808, in the counties of Inverness and Perth, and perhaps surpasses any length of pursuit known in the annals of hunting. On the eighth of June in that year, a

fox and hound were seen near Dunkeld in Perthshire, on the high road, proceeding at a slow trotting pace. The dog was about fifty yards behind the fox, and each was so fatigued as not to gain on the other. A countryman very easily caught the fox, and both it and the dog were taken to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, where the fox died. It was afterwards ascertained that the hound belonged to the Duke of Gordon, and that the fox was started on the morning of the 4th of June, on the top of those hills called Monaliadh, which separate Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From this it appeared that the chase lasted four days, and that the distance traversed, from the place where the fox was unkennelled to the spot where it was caught, without making any allowances for doubles, crosses, etc., and as the crow flies, exceeded seventy miles.

It is a curious fact that if a fox-hound is taken for the first time into a new and strange country, and he is lost, when he returns to his kennel, he does so across fields, where he had never been before, and not by roads along which he had been taken out. A gentleman who kept fox-hounds had an opportunity of

observing this. His house and kennel were on the banks of a river, and a new hound accompanied the pack, which went across a bridge near the kennel. He was lost and came back over the fields, direct upon the kennel, and howled when he arrived on the banks of the river. We know but little of the peculiar instinct, which thus enables dogs to find their way across a strange country.

In the year 1813, some hounds belonging to his late Majesty, George III., were sold to Mr. Walker, of Mitchell Grove, near Worthing. A few weeks after their arrival at that place, one couple of them were sent in a stage-waggon to Dr. Willis, then living near Stamford, in Lincolnshire. The waggon went through London, and from thence to Dr. Willis' seat. However surprising it may appear, one of these dogs in less than a month after he had left the kennel near Windsor, found his way back to it. It might be supposed that in this length of time, all recollection would have ceased, but such we have seen was not the case.

It is well known to those who served in the Peninsular War, that the late Lord Hill kept a pack of

fox-hounds, while he commanded a division of the army. During a period of repose, a fox was unkenelled in the neighbourhood of Corja in Spain. The run was severe for the space of thirty minutes, when the fox, being sharply pressed by the leading hounds, leaped down a precipice of sixty yards perpendicular. Seven couple of the hounds immediately dashed after him, six couple of which were killed on the spot. The remainder of the pack (twenty-two couple) would probably have shared the same fate, had not the most forward riders arrived in time to flog them off, which they did with difficulty, being scarcely able to restrain their impetuosity. The fox was found at the bottom, and covered with the bodies of the hounds.

I might have hesitated to mention the following fact, had it not been witnessed by some well known sportsmen of the present day.

During a severe chase, and towards the termination of it, when the fox was in view, another fox was seen to the astonishment of the forward riders, running in the middle of the pack of hounds, perfectly unnoticed by them. It is supposed that the dogs ran over this fox, who finding himself in the midst of

them, probably thought it the safest and wisest plan he could pursue to continue with them till he had an opportunity of making his escape.

In relating anecdotes of fox-hounds, it is almost unavoidable not to mention fox-hunters, and we know not how we can give to our readers, a better notion of the stirring spirit and devotion to their sport, distinguishing them beyond all other sportsmen, than by offering some extracts from the pen of the late Colonel Cook, a master of hounds, beloved by all who knew him, and *venerated* by those who hunted with him.

“Hounds will not work through difficulties, nor will they exert themselves in that killing sort of manner when they are out of blood. If after all you should, owing to ill-luck and bad weather, be in want of it, the best way is to leave an earth open in a country where you can spare a fox, and where you can, without much trouble dig him, give him to the hounds on the earth, and go home. But whatever you do never turn out a *bag-man*; it is injurious to your hounds, makes them wild and unsteady; besides, nothing is more despicable, or held in greater contempt by real sportsmen than the practice of hunting

bag-foxes. It encourages a set of rascals to steal from other hunts; therefore keep in mind, "if there were no receivers there would be no thieves." What chiefly contributes to make fox-hunting so very far superior to other sports, *is the wildness of the animal you hunt, and the difficulty in catching him.* It is rather extraordinary, but nevertheless a well known fact, that a pack of hounds, which are in sport and blood, will not eat a bag-fox. I remember hearing an anecdote (when I was in Shropshire many years ago), of the late Lord Stamford's hounds, which I will relate to you as I heard it. The present Lord Forrester and his brother Mr. Frank Forrester, then boys, were at their uncle's for the holidays. A farmer came to inform them a fox had just been seen in a tree. All the nets about the premises were collected and the fox was caught; but the Squire of Willey, a sportsman himself, and a strict preserver of foxes, sent the fox immediately to Lord Stamford by one of his tenants, that he might be informed of the real circumstance. The next day the hounds were out, and also the Squire's tenant; they had drawn some time without finding, when the farmer reminded his Lordship of the

fox caught; 'do you think, said he, I will allow my hounds to hunt a bag-fox? I should never be forgiven by my huntsman!' At last, after drawing several coverts without finding, his lordship gave his consent (but it was to be kept a great secret), and the bag was to be touched upon the ground in a line for a covert they were going to draw, to have the appearance of a disturbed fox, and the fox to be turned down in it.

"On going to covert, a favourite hound, called Partner, feathered on the seent. The huntsman exclaimed in extacy, 'old Partner touehes on him; we shall certainly find in the next covert;' they found the bag-man, and had a tolerable run; but when they killed him not a hound would eat him! 'Now, Sir,' said his lordship to the farmer, '*you have deceived the huntsman and the field, but you cannot deceive my hounds.*'

"Next to turning out bag-men, lifting of hounds is the most prejudicial. They should seldom be taken 'off their noses,' nothing is gained by it in the end; hounds that are seldom lifted, will kill more foxes in the course of a season than those that frequently are.

Some years ago, when hunting with the Duke of Grafton's hounds in Suffolk, they came to a check all in a moment at a barn near some cross-roads; they were left alone, and made a fling of themselves, in a perfect circle, without hitting the scent; many gentlemen exclaimed, 'It is all over now, Tom; the only chance you have is to make *a wide cast*.' 'No,' answered the huntsman, 'if the fox is not in that barn, my hounds ought to be hung.'

"Dick Foster, the whipper-in, now huntsman to Mr. Villebois (and a very good one he is), was ordered to dismount and see if he could discover the fox; he returned and said 'he was *not* there.' Tom Rose still was positive; at last he was viewed on a beam in the barn, and they killed him, after a further run of about a mile. I mention this trivial circumstance to shew you clearly, that if the hounds had been hurried up either of the roads on a wild cast, made by an ignorant huntsman, the fox would inevitably have been lost.

"Were I to have some sporting friends coming to see my hounds in the field, I should prefer going away *close at him* for twenty minutes, then a short

check, to bring the hounds to a hunting scent, and a quick thing at last, and run into him, in order that my friends might be convinced the hounds could *hunt* as well as *run*; for of this I am certain, if they cannot do *both*, they merit not the name of fox-hounds."

THE Beagle may be mentioned as a sort of fox-hound in miniature, and nothing can well be more perfect than the shape of these small dogs. But how different are they in their style of hunting. The beagle, which has always his nose to the ground, will puzzle for a length of time on one spot, sooner than he will leave the scent. The fox-hound, on the contrary, full of life, spirit and high courage, is always dashing and trying forward. The beagle, however, has extraordinary perseverance, at well as nicety of scent, and also a liveliness of manner in hunting, which, joined to its musical and melodious note, will always afford pleasure to the lovers of the chase, or at least to those who are unable to undertake the more exciting sport of fox-hunting. In rabbit-shooting, in gorse and thick cover,

nothing can be more cheerful than the beagle, and they have been called rabbit-beagles from this employment, for which they are peculiarly qualified, especially those dogs which are somewhat wire-haired.

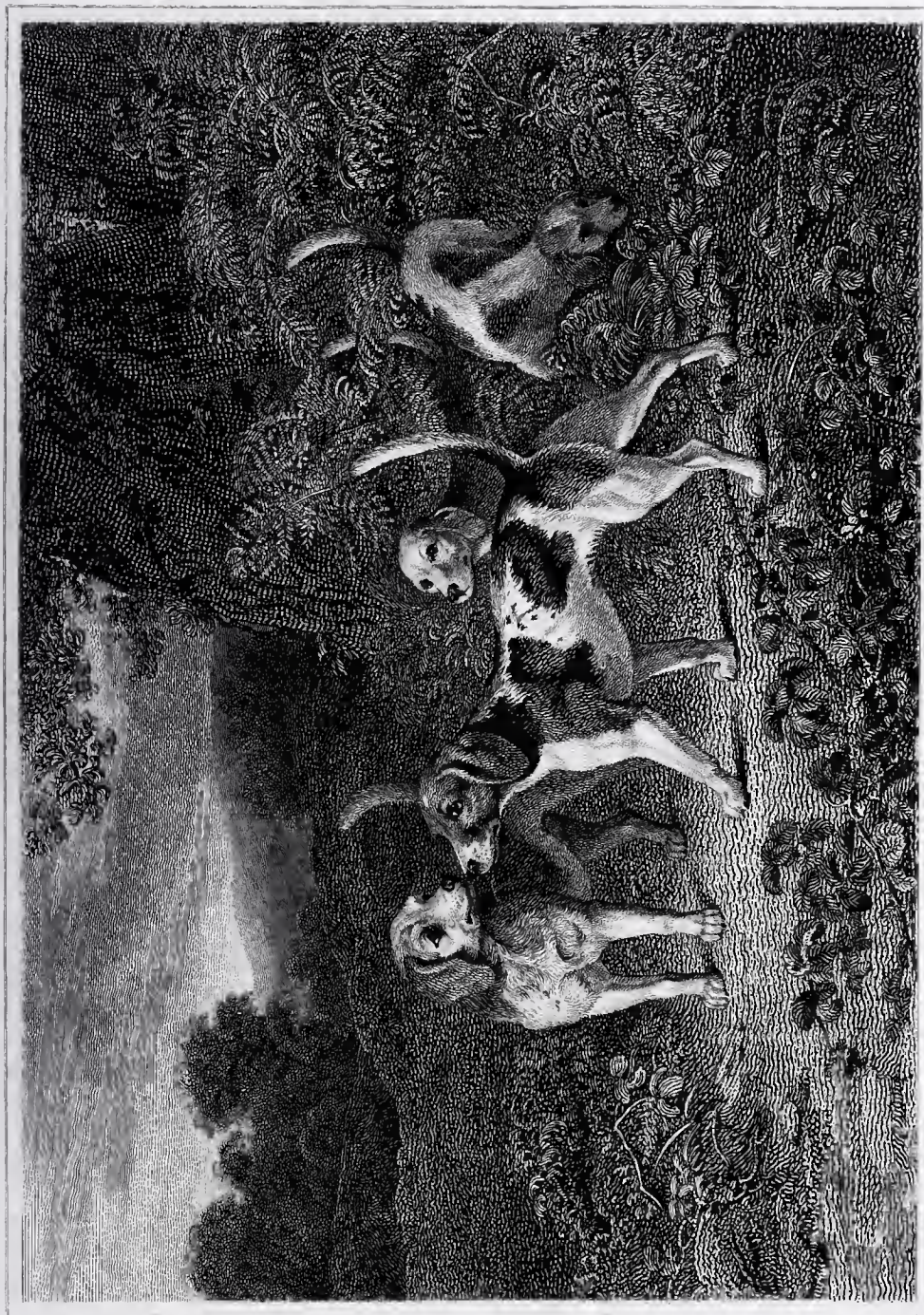
In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a race of beagles had been bred so small, that a pack of them could be carried out to the field in a pair of panniers. That Princess is said to have had little *singing beagles*, a single one of which could be placed in a man's glove, and they probably at this time received the name of *lap-dog* beagles. Dryden, in his Fables, alludes to these dogs as follows:—

“ The graceful goddess was array'd in green ;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.”

Pope also mentions them,—

“ To plains with well-bred beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare.”

And here let me call the attention of my readers to the accompanying plate of a group of active and merry lap-dog beagles. By the kindness of a friend



LAP DOG BEAGLES.

of the publisher, it helps to decorate this work. It is so characteristic of the animals when in search of game, and so beautifully executed, both with reference to the dogs and the scenery, that any artist might be proud of it, and any author gratified at having so pleasing an embellishment of his work.



THE MASTIFF.

“ Great Britain was so noted for its Mastiffs, that the Roman Emperors appointed an Officer in this Island, with the title of Procurator Cynegii, whose sole business was to breed, and transmit from hence to the Amphitheatre such as would prove equal to the combats of the place ;

Magnaue taurorum fracturi colla Britanni.”

THIS noble dog, which, like the bull-dog is supposed to be an original breed peculiar to this country, is now seldom to be met with in its pure state, it having been crossed and recrossed with other dogs. Perhaps the finest specimen now to be found is one at Chatsworth, (where also is to be seen a noble Alpine mastiff.) It is a dog of gigantic size, and is of a yellowish colour with a black muzzle. There is also another at Elvaston Castle in Derbyshire, not so large as the one at Chatsworth, but apparently of the true breed, and for which we believe Lord Harrington gave the sum of fifty guineas.

These dogs are brave, faithful to their trust to an



MASTIFF.

extraordinary degree, and have a noble disposition.

Their strength also is very great, and their bark deep and loud. Sir Walter Scott's remarks on the character of the dog, may be well applied to the mastiff. "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deccit. He forgets neither friend nor foe — remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

The mastiff, indeed, usually shows a remarkable and peculiar warmth in his attachments, and, on the other hand, he will evince his dislike in the strongest manner. It has been observed of him that if he is once severely corrected or insulted, it is almost impossible to eradicate the feeling from his memory, and it is no less difficult to attain a reconciliation with him. He seems conscious of his own

strength, power and authority, and will seldom condescend to lower his dignity by servile fawning; while he appears to consider his services as only befitting a trust of the highest importance. He is naturally possessed of strong instinctive sensibility, speedily obtains a knowledge of all the duties required of him, and discharges them with the most punctual assiduity. His vigilance is very striking. He makes regular rounds of the premises committed to his care, examines every part of them, and sees that everything is in a state of perfect security. During the night he will give a signal of his presence by repeated barkings, which are encreased upon the least cause of alarm. Unlike the bull-dog, the mastiff always warns before he attacks. His voice is deep and powerful in tone.

Such is the animal of which I now propose to give a few characteristic anecdotes.

A mastiff belonging to a gentleman in Scotland, seeing a small dog, that was following a cart from Kelso, carried down by the current of the Tweed, in spite of all its efforts to bear up against the current of the stream, after watching its motions for

some time attentively, plunged voluntarily into the river, and seizing the wearied cur by the neck, brought it safely to land, in the presence of several spectators.

An anecdote is related of a mastiff in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Lord Buckhurst was ambassador at the Court of Charles the Ninth, who, alone and unassisted, successively engaged a bear, a leopard, and a lion, and pulled them all down.

Then we have the well known and well authenticated story of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley's mastiff, who had guarded the house and yard, but had never met with any particular attention from his master. Contrary to any former custom, the dog one night silently followed Sir Henry and his Italian valet upstairs. He was allowed to remain in the room, and at midnight the door opened, and a person entered. The mastiff immediately pinned him to the ground. The intruder was the Italian servant, who confessed that he came to murder his master.

An English gentleman, accompanied by a mastiff, came to a place of public entertainment near Paris. The dog was refused admittance, and was consequently left to the care of some one outside. The

gentleman soon after missed his watch, and went and requested permission to bring in his dog, who, he said would soon discover the thief. His request being granted, his master made motions to the dog expressive of what he had lost. The animal immediately ran about amongst the company, and traversed the gardens, till at last he laid hold of a man. The gentleman insisted that this person had got his watch, and on being searched, not only his watch, but six others were discovered in his pockets.

Captain Brown gives an interesting instance of the gentleness of a mastiff towards a child. He says that a large and fierce mastiff, which had broken his chain, ran along a road near Bath, to the great terror and consternation of those whom he passed. When suddenly running by a most interesting boy, the child struck him with a stick, upon which the dog turned furiously on his infant assailant. The little fellow, so far from being intimidated, ran up to him, and flung his arms round the neck of the enraged animal, which instantly became appeased, and in return caressed the child. It is a fact well known, that few dogs will bite a child, or even a

young puppy. Captain Brown adds, that he possesses a mastiff, which will not allow any one of his family to take a bone from him except his youngest child.

A chimney-sweeper had ordered his dog, a half-bred mastiff to lie down on his soot-bag, which he had placed inadvertently almost in the middle of a narrow back street in the town of Southampton. A loaded coal-cart passing by, the driver desired the dog to move out of the way. On refusing to do so, he was scolded, then beaten, first gently, and afterwards with a smart application of the cart-whip, but all to no purpose. The fellow, with an oath, threatened to drive over the dog, and he did so, the faithful animal endeavouring to arrest the progress of the wheel by biting it. He thus allowed himself to be killed sooner than abandon his trust.

These dogs are alive to injuries, and not slow in resenting them.

A carrier had a mastiff remarkable for his sagacity. It happened unfortunately one day, that one of the waggon horses trod accidentally upon him in the yard. The dog became furious, and would have attacked the horse had he not been prevented. It was

usual for the dog to remain with the horses at night in the stable. After the men had retired, the mastiff selected out the animal, which had trod upon him, and, no doubt, would have put an end to his existence, had not the carters, who were at hand, hearing an unusual noise, come to his assistance.

The widow of a farmer had two mastiffs, which, from their fierceness, rendered some precaution necessary in approaching the house. Their mistress was taken suddenly ill and died, and in the afternoon of her death, the benevolent wife of the clergyman of the parish, called to see if she could render any assistance. After knocking in vain at the front door, she went to the back of the house with fear and trembling. On entering the kitchen, to her dismay she saw the two dogs on the hearth. They appeared, however, to be sensible of what had taken place, for they only lifted up their heads mournfully, looked at the intruder, and resumed their former attitude.

A mastiff belonging to a tanner, had taken a great dislike to a man, whose business frequently brought him to the house. Being much annoyed at his antipathy and fearful of the consequences, he requested

the owner of the dog to endeavour to remove the dislike of the animal to him. This he promised to do, and brought it about in the following manner, by acting on the noble disposition of the dog. Watching his opportunity, he one day, as if by accident, pushed the dog into a well in the yard, in which he allowed it to struggle a considerable time. When the dog seemed to be getting tired, the tanner desired his companion to pull it out, which he did. The animal, on being extricated, after shaking himself, fawned upon his deliverer, as if sensible that he had saved his life, and never molested him again. On the contrary he received him with kindness whenever they met, and often accompanied him a mile or two on his way home.

A gentleman in Ireland had a mastiff which was kept to guard his premises. A small dog, belonging to a poor man who came to the house on business, had barked at and annoyed him, but he was obliged to regard the insult at the time with sullen patience, as his chain prevented him from taking any immediate revenge. A few evenings afterwards, however, he contrived to escape from the back-yard, and immediately made his way to the cabin of the cur's master.

Finding the door open, *more Hibernicorum*, he entered without even a premonitory growl, to the dismay of the humble inmates, who were eating their supper of potatoes and milk, seized the offender, and killed it.

Another mastiff behaved in a very different manner. He had also been annoyed by a little cur as he passed along the streets, which he bore with great patience for a long time, at last his persecutor became so troublesome that he could bear it no longer. He, therefore, one day caught his contemptible adversary by the neck, carried him to the edge of a wharf, and dropped him gently into the water.





W. R. Smith del.

W. R. Smith sc.

THE BULL DOG.

“ The heroes of a bull-fight, and the champions of a cock-fight, can produce but few, if any disciples brought up under their tuition, who have done service to their country, but abundant are the testimonies which have been registered at the gallows of her devoted victims, trained up to the pursuits of bull-baiting.” — DR. BARRY.

THE bull-dog has been called the most courageous animal in the world. He is low in stature, although remarkably deep-chested, strong and muscular. From the projection of his under jaw, which occasions his teeth always to be seen, and from his eyes being distant from each other, and somewhat prominent, he has an appearance which would prevent a stranger from attempting any familiarity with him. He is, however, a dog capable of strong attachment to his master, whom he is at all times ready to defend. His strength is so great, that in pinning a bull, one of these breed of dogs has been known, by giving a strong muscular twist of his body, to bring the bull flat on his side. In consequence also of his high courage and perseve-

rance, a bull-dog has gone a greater distance in swimming than any other dog has been known to do.

In a match which was made for the purpose, one of these animals fought and beat two powerful Newfoundland dogs.

It must be a matter of congratulation to every humane person, that the barbarous and cruel custom of bull-baiting no longer exists in this country. That it tended to brutalize the working classes, whatever its advocates may have stated to the contrary, cannot be doubted. In the part of Staffordshire in which I formerly resided, and where the custom was extremely prevalent, idleness, drunkenness and profligacy were conspicuous amongst those who kept bull-dogs. Even females might be seen at a bull-baiting, in their working dresses as they came out of a factory, their arms crossed and covered with their aprons, standing to enjoy the sport, if such it could be called.

The breed of dogs kept by the persons referred to, was said to be of the purest kind, and large sums were frequently given for them. Lord Camelford purchased one for eighty guineas; forty and fifty pounds was no uncommon price for one. These dogs would

appear to have a natural antipathy to the bull, as puppies will attack them when only a few months old, and if permitted to continue the combat, will suffer themselves to be destroyed rather than decline the contest. A well-bred dog always attacks the bull in front, and endeavours to seize on the lip as the most sensitive part. But enough has been said of the ferocious qualities of the bull-dog.

A nobleman had a favourite bull-dog, which was his constant companion in his carriage to and from his seat in Scotland for many years. The dog was strongly attached to his master, and was gentle and inoffensive. As he grew old, it was determined to leave him in London. The carriage came to the door, his master entered it, and drove off, having for his companion another dog. The packing—the preparations—had all been witnessed by the faithful bull-dog, who was evidently aware that he had been deserted by the only being he loved. From that moment he became melancholy. He refused to eat, and notwithstanding all the care taken of him, he pined and died.

I remember many years ago, hearing of some robberies, which took place by means of the bull-dog in the

neighbourhood of London, one of which was near my own residence. A gentleman in riding home one winter's evening, had one of the hocks of his horse seized, as he was trotting along the road, by a bull-dog, who kept his hold, and brought the horse to the ground. A man then came up, and robbed the gentleman of his purse.

Bull-dogs are now much less common than they were. A cross breed, between them and a good terrier, are said to be better fighters and harder-bitten than the pure bull-dog. If one of these dogs is crossed with a grey-hound, the offspring is found to be too courageous, and from this cause in attacking deer they have been frequently killed.





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